

Euphues Golden

Legacie.

Found after his death in his Cell at

S I L E X E D R A.

Bequeathed to PHILAVTUS Sonnes,

nursed vp with their Father in

ENGLAND.

Fetched from the Canaries, by T.L. Gent.



Imprinted at London for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his
shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreet,
vnder the Dyall. 1634.

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Found after his death in his Cell as

STILLERD R. A.

Redeached to Philavias Soune

marked up with their Father in

ENGLAND.

Printed by T. L. G. W.



Printed at London for the Author by J. W. and are to be sold at his
Shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreet
Under the Diall. 1614.



To the right Honourable and his most
esteemed Lord, the Lord of H V N S D O N, Lord Chamberlaine
of her Maiesties household, and Governour of the Towne

of Barwicke: T.L.G. wisheth increase of
all honourable vertues.



Such Romans (right Honourable) as delighted in Mar-
tiall exploits, attempted their actions in the honour of
Augustus, because he was a patron of Souldiers, and
Virgil described with Poems as a Mecenas of schol-
lers: both ioyntly aduancing his royaltie, as a Prince
warlike, and learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas, pre-
sent her Bayes as shee is wise, and with armour as shee is valiant: ob-
seruing herein that excellent *to vpon* which dedicateth ho-
nours according to the perfection of the person. When I en-
tered (right Honourable) with a deepe in-sight into the considera-
tion of these promisses, seeing your Lordship to bee a Patron of all
Martiall men, and a Mecenas of such as apply themselves to studie,
wearing with Pallas both the Launce and the Bay, and ayming with
Augustus at the fauour of all, by the honourable vertues of your
minde, being my selfe first a Student, and afterwards falling from
Bookes to Armes, euen vowed in all my thoughts, dutifully to affect
your Lordship,

Having with Captaine Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Ter-
ceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this
Booke: rough, as hatcht in the stormes of the Ocean, and feathered
in the surges of many perillous Seas. But as it is the worke of a Soul-
dier and a Scholler, I presume to shroude it vnder your Honours pa-
tronage, as one that is the fautor and fauourer of all vertuous actions,
and whose honourable loue growne from the generall applause of

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

the whole common-wealth for your higher desert, may keepe from the malice of euery bitter tongue.

Other reasons more particular (right Honourable) challenge in me a speciall affection to your Lordship, as being Scholler with your noble Sonnes, Master *Edmund Carew*, and Master *Robert Carew*, (two siens worthy of so Honourable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruit) as also being Scholler in the Vniuersitie, vnder that learned and vertuous Knight, Sir *Edward Hobby*, when he was a Bachelor in Artes, a man as well lettered, as well borne, and after the Etimologie of his name, soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie euery way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honour of so vertuous a Lady.

Thus (right Honourable) the dutie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth mee that all my affection be placed on the Father, for where the branches are so precious, the tree of force must bee more excellent. Commanded and imboldned thus with the consideration of these fore-passed reasons, to present my Booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreat, your Honour will vouchsafe of my labours, and fauour a Souldiers and a Schollers pen; with your gracious acceptance, who answers in affection what wants in eloquence: so deuoted to your Honour, as his onely desire is to end his life vnder the fauour of so martiall and learned a Patron. Resting thus in hope of your

Lordships curtesie, in denying the patronage of my worke, I cease, wishing you as many honourable fortunes as your Lordship can desire or imagine.

Your Honour's Souldier most

Humbly affectionate:

Tho. Lodge.

To the Gentlemen

Readers.

Gentlemen, looke not here to finde any sprigs of Pallas Bay-tree, nor to heare the humours of any amorous Laureat, nor the pleasing veine of any eloquent Orator: Nolo altum sapere, they bee matters above my capacitie: the Cables checke shall neuer tight on my head. Ne sutor ultra crepidam, I wil goe no further than the latches, and then all is well. Here you may perhaps find some leaues of Venus mirtle, but hewen downe by a Souldier with his cuttleaxe, not bought with the allurement of a filed tongue. To bee briefe Gentlemen, roome for a Souldier and a Sayler; that giues you the fruits of his labour that hee wrote, in the Ocean, where euery line was wet with a surge, and euery humorous passion counterchecke with a storme, If you like it, so, and yet I will be yours in dutie, if you be mine in fauour: But if Momus, or any disquieted asse, that hath mighty eares to conceiue with Midas, and yet little to iudge: If hee come aboard our barke to finde fault with our tackling when he knowes not the shrowdes, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a rustie Pollax, that saw no sunne this seauen yeeres, and either will be-baste him, or beaue the cockes-combe ouer-board to feed Cods. But curious Gentlemen, that fauour most, backe-bite none, and pardon what is ouer-slipt, let such come and welcome, Ile into the Stewards roome, and fetch them a Kan of our best beuerage. Well Gentlemen you haue Euphues Legacie, I fetcht it as farre as the Islands of Terceras, and therefore reade it, censure with fauour and farewell.

Yours T.L.

*The Scedule annexed to Euphues Testa-
ment, the tenour of his Legacie, the
token of his lone.*



HE vehemencie of my sicknesse, *Philantus*, hath made me doubtfull of my life, yet must I dye in counsailling thee. Thou hast Sonnes by *Camelia*, as I heare, who being young in yeeres, haue greene thoughts: and nobly borne, hauing great mindes: bend them in youth like the Willow, least thou bewaile them in their Age for their willfulnesse. I haue bequeathed them a *Golden Legacie*, because I greatly loue thee. Let them reade it as *Archelaus* did *Cassander*, to profit by it, and in reading, let them meditate, for I haue approued it the best method. They shall finde loue anatomized by *Euphues*, with as liuely colours as in *Apelles* Table: Roses to whip him when hee is wanton, reason to withstand him when hee is headie.

Heere may they reade that Vertue is the King of labour, Opini- on the mistress of Fooles, that Vanitie is the pride of Nature, Contention the ouerthrow of Families: heere in *Elleborus* bitter in taste, but beneficiall in tryal. I haue nothing to send to thee *Camelia* but this counsell, that in steed of worldly goods, you leaue your Sonnes vertue and glorie: for better were they to be partakers of your honours, than Lords of your Mannors. I feele death that summons me to my graue, and my soule desirous of his God. Farewel *Philantus*, and let the tenour of my counsell be applyed to thy Childrens comfort.

J. T. 2110Y

Euphues dying to line.

*If any man finde this scrowle send it to Philantus
in England.*



Euphues golden Legacie.



H E dwelt adioynning to the Citie of Bourdeaux, a Knight of most honourable parentage, whom Fortune had graced with many favours, and Nature honoured with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question, whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall, in discippering the riches of their bounties. While hee was, and holding in his head a supreme conceit of policie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all civill government: and to make his wiseborne more gracious, he had that *Salerni ingeny*, and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Ulysses: his valour was no lesse than his wit, nor the stroke of his lance no lesse forcible, than the sweetnesses of his tongue was persuasive: for hee was for his courage chosen the principall of all the Knights of Malta. This hardy Knight, thus enriched with vertue and honour, surnamed sir Iohn of Burdeaux having passed the prime of his youth in sundry battels against the Turks, at last (as the day of time hath his course) grew aged: his haire was silver becomed, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead. Honour late in the furrowes of his face, and many yeeres were portrayed in his wrinkled liniments, that all men might perceive his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessitie challenged her due. Sir Iohn that with the Phoenix knew the tearme of his life was now expired, and could with the Swanne discover his end by her song, having three sonnes by his wife Lineda, the very pride of his fore-past yeeres, thought now seeing death by constraint would compell him to leaue them to bestow vpon them such a Legacie as might betozaie his love, and increase their insuing amitie. Calling therefore these young Gentlemen befoze him, in the presence of all his fellow Knights of Malta, he resolved to leaue them a memoriall of all his fatherly care, in setting downe a Methode of their brotherly duties. Having therefore
death

Euphues golden Legacie.

death in his lookes to moue them to pitie, and teares in his eyes, to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, hee began,

Sir Iohn of Burdeaux Legacie hee gaue to
his Sonnes.

O my sonnes, you see that Fate hath set a period of my yeeres, and Destinies haue determined a finall end of my dayes, the Holme-tree wareth away ward, for he stoopeth in his height, & my plumes are full of sicke feathers touched with age. I must to my grave that dischargeth all cares, & leave you to the world that increaseth many sorrowes. My siluer haire containe great experience, and the number of my yeeres haue pend downe the subtilties of fortune. Therefore as I leave you some fading pelfe to countercheck poverty, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall leade you vnto vertue. First therefore vnto thee Saladin the eldest, & therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should be ingraued, as well the excellencie of thy fathers qualities, as the essential forme of his proportion, to thee I giue fourteene plough-lands, with all my Manour houses and richest plate. Next, vnto Fernandine, I bequeath twelue plough-lands: But vnto Rosader the youngest, I giue my horse, my armor, and my launce, with sixteene plough-lands: for if the inward thoughts be discouered by outward shadowes, Rosader will exceed you all in bountie and honour. Thus (my sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein if you be as prodigal to spend, as I haue been careful to get, your friends will grieue to see you more wastfull than I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fall did begin at your excesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues, the load-starre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Apme your deeds by my honourable endeauors, and shew your selues liens worthy of so flourishing a tree: least, as the birds Halcyons which exceede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that exceed in blacknes. Climbe not (my sonnes) aspiring pride is a vapor that ascendeth hie, but soone turneth into smoke, they that stare at the stars, stumble vpon the stones: and they that gaze at the Sun (vnlesse they be Eagle-eyed) fall blind: spare not too high
with

Euphues golden Legacie.

With the Hobby, least you fall with the Larke : nor attempt not with Phaeton, least you burne with Icarus. Fortune when she toils you to die, tempers your plumes with waie, and therefore either sit still and make no wing, or else beware the Sun, & hold Dedalus a good authenticall (*Medium tenuisse tutissimum.*) Low shrubs haue deepe roote, and poore Cottages great patience. Fortune looks euer vpon board, and eury aspires to nestle with dignitie. Take heed my sons the meane is sweetest melodie, where strings stretch high, either soon they crack, or quickly grow out of tune. Let your Countries care be your hearts content, & thinke that you are not borne for your selues, but to leuel your thoughts to be loyal to your Prince, carefull for the common weale, & faithfull to your friends, so shall France say, these men are excellent in vertues, as they be exquisite in features. Oh my sons, a friend is a precious iewel, within whose bosome you may vnload your sorrow, and vnfold your secrets, and hee either will relieue with counsell, or perswade with reason : but take heed in the choise, the outward shew makes not the inward man, nor are the dimples in the face the Balenders of truely. When the Liquorice leafe looks most drie, then it is most wet : when the thores of Leparchas are most quiet, then they forepoint a storme. The Wanton leafe the more faire it looks, the more infectious it is, & in the stillest wood is oft his most treacherie. Therefore my sonnes, choise a friend as the Hyperborei doe their mettals, seuer them from the ore with fire, and let them not bid the flame before they be burnt : so trie then trust, lett time be the touchstone of friendship, and then friends faithfull lay them by for iewels. No valiant nor souldier, for cowardlie is the enemy of honour, but not too rash, for that is extreame. Fortitude is the meane, & that is limited within boundes, & prescribed with circumstances. But above all, & with that he fetcht a deep sigh, beware of Love, for it is far more pernicious than pleasant, and yet I tell you it assurably as ill as the Syrens. Oh my sonnes, faire is a fickle thing, and beauties paintings are trickt vp with faines colours, which being set to vris in the sunne, perishe with the same. Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretend libertie, yet there is nothing but losse & glistering misery. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie, and his arrowes, where they pierce, inforce nothing but desires : a womans eye, as it is precious to behold, so it is prejudicial to gaze vpon : for as it affordeth delight, so it snar-

Euphuës golden Legacie.

reth vnto death. Trust not their fawning fauours, for their loues are like the breath of a man vpon Steele, which no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off, and their passions are as momentanie as the colours of a Polype, which changeth at the sight of euery object. My breath wareth short, and mine eyes waxe dimme, the hower is come, and I must away: therefore let this suffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therefore if you loue, chuse one that hath eyes of adamant, that will turne onely to one point, her heart of a Diamond that will receiue but one forme, her tongue of a Sethin leafe that neuer wags but with a southeast wind: and yet my sons, if she haue all these qualities, to be chaste, obedient, and silent: yet for that she is a woman, shall you find in her sufficient vanity to counterwaite her vertues. Oh now my sonnes: euen now take these my last words as my latest Legacie, for my threed is spun, and my foot is in the graue: keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsels, and let them be lodged in the secrets of your hearts: for wisdom is better than wealth, & a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fall see, my sonnes, the folly of man, that being dust climbeth with Briarius, to reach at the heauens, & ready euery minute to die: yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh, mans life is like lightning, that is but a flash, and the longest day of his yeares but a hauens blaze. Seeing then man is so mortal, bee carefull that thy selfe be vertuous, that thy death may be full of admirable honours: so shalt thou challenge fame to be thy sautor, and put oblivion to erile with thine honourable actions. But my sons, lest you should forget your fathers axiomes, take this seroule, wherein reade what your father dying, wils you to execute liuing. At this hee thrumme downe in his bed, and gaue vp the ghost.

John of Bourdeaux being thus dead, was greatly lamented of his sonnes, & bewailed of his friends: especially of his fellow knights of Malta, who attended on his funerals, which were performed with great solemnitie. His obsequies done, Saladine caused next his epitaph, the contents of the seroule to be purtrayed out, which were to this effect.

The contents of the scedule which Sir John of Bourdeaux gaue his sonnes.

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MY sonnes, behold what portion I doe giue,
I leaue you goods, but they are quickly lost:
I leaue aduice, to shew you how to liue.
I leaue you wit, but won with little cost:
But keepe it well, for counsell still is one.
When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.
In choise of thrift, let honour be your gaine.
Winne it by vertue, and by manly might:
In doing good, esteeme thy trouble no paine.
Protect the fatherlesse, and widowes right.
Fight for thy faith, thy Countrie, and thy king.
For why? this thrift will proue a blessed thing.
In choise of wife preferre the modest chaste.
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell:
The sweetest lookes by age are soone defast,
Then chuse thy wife by wit, and liuing well.
Who brings thee wealch, and many faults withall,
Presents thee honie mixt with bitter gall.
In choise of friends, beware of light beliefe,
A painted tongue may shroude a subtile heate:
The Syrens reares doe threaten mickle grieve,
Foresee my sonnes, for feare of sodaine smart,
Chuse in your wants, and he that loues you then,
When richer growen, befriend you him againe.
Learne with the Ant in summer to prouide,
Drive with the Bee, the Drone from out the hie:
Build like the Swallow, in the summer tide.
Spare not too much (my sonnes) but sparing thriue,
Be poore in folly, rich in all but sinne:
So by your death, your glorie shall beginne.
Saladine hauing thus set vp the Scedule, and hangd about his
fathers herse many passionate poems, that France might suppose him
to be passing sorrowfull, clad himselfe and his brothers all in blacke,
and in such sable sutes discovered his grieve: but as the Hiena when
he mournes is most guilefull, so Saladine, vnder the shew of grieve,

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thadoweth his heart full of contented thoughts. The Tiger though he hid his claws, will at last discover his rapier, the Lions looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a mans physnomy is not the display of his secrets: fire cannot be hid in straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it will have his recourse, Nature and Art may doe much, but that *natura naturans*, which by purgation is ingrafted in the heart, will be at last perforce predominant, according to the old verse:

Naturam expellas furca tides, usque recurret.

So faced it with Saladine, for after a moneths mourning was past, he fell to consideration of his fathers testament, how hee had bequeathed more to his younger brother then to himselfe, (that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now under his tuition,) that as yet they were not come to yeeres, and hee being their guardian, might (if not defraude them of their due) yet make such haucke of their legacies and lands, as they should bee a great deale the lighter: whereupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe.

Saladines meditation with himselfe.

SAladine, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of restless passions, having thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy fathers testament, and thy heart fired with the hope of present preferment: by the one thou art counselled to content thee with thy fortunes: by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladine) is a great rogaltrie, and there is no sweeter physike then soze. Avicen like a foole forgot in his Aphorismes to say, that gold was the most precious restorative, and that treasure was the most excellent medicine of the minde. O Saladine, what were thy fathers precepts breathed into the winde: hast thou so soone forgotten his principles: did he not warne thee from coining without honour, and climbing without vertue: did he not forbid thee to aime at any action that should not bee honourable: and what will be more prejudiciall to thy credite, then the carelesse ruine of thy brothers prosperity: and wilt thou become the subversion of their fortunes: is there any sweeter thing then concord, or a more precious trell then amitie: are you not sonnes of one father, flocks of one tree, birds of one nest: and wilt thou become so brutish all, as to rob them thou shouldst relieue: O Saladine, intreate them in love, and entertaine them with love, so shalt thou have thy con-

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science cleere, and thy remembrance excellent: Tully, what words are these; base fool: farré waste (if thou be wise) for thy honour. What though thy father at his death talked many frivolous matters, as one that doted for age, and raved in his sickness: shall his words be Arioms, and his talke be so authentickall, as thou wilt (to obserue them) peritice thy selfe? No, no, Saladine, sicke mens wills that are perill, hauing no hand nor seale, are like the laines of a Citie trodden in dust, which are broken with the blast of euery wind. What man, thy father is dead, and he can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions: therefore bury thy words with his carcase, and be wise for thy selfe: what, tis not so old as true.

Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.
 Thy brother is yong, keepe him not in awe, make him not checke
 mate with thy selfe: for,

Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.

Let him knowe little, so shall he not be able to esteeme much, suppress his wits with a base estate, and though he be a gentleman by nature, yet forme him much, and make him a peasant by nature: so shalt thou keepe a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole Lord ouer all thy fathers possessions. As for Ferdinand, the middle brother, he is a scholar, and hath no mind but on Aristotle, let him reade on Galen, while thou ridest with gold, and pore on his booke whilest thou purchasest lands: wit is great wealth, if he haue learning, it is enough, and so let all rest.

In this humour was Saladine, making his brother Rosader his foot boy, for the space of two or three yeeres, keeping him in such seruile subiection, as it had bin the sonne of any country vassall. The yong gentleman bare all with patience, till on a day, walking in the garden by himselfe, he began to consider, how he was the sonne of Iohn of Bourdeaux, a knight renowned in many victories, and a gentleman famous for his vertues, who contrary to the testament of his father, was not only kept from his land, and increased as a servant, but smothered in such secret slavery, as he might not attaine to any honorable actions. Alas said he to himselfe (nature working these effectuall passions) why should I that am a gentleman borne, passe my time in such vnnaturall drudgery: wert not better, either in Paris to become a scholar, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, then to live a foot boy to mine owne brother: nature hath

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lent me wit to conceiue, but my brother denyes mee. Yet to content a
plate. I haue strength to performe any honorable exploit; but not
berly to accomplish my vertuous intentions: those good parts that
God hath bestowed vpon me, the enuy of my brother both smothered
vp in obscuritie, the harder is my fortune, & the more his forward-
nesse. With that, casting vp his hand, he felt haire on his face, and
perceiuing his beard to grow, for choler he began to blinsh, and stoore
to himselfe, he would be no more subject to such shame. As thus he
was ruminating his melancholly passions, in came Saladin with
his men, and seeing his brother in a bestone study, and to forget his
wonted reuerence, thought to shake him out of his dumps, thus
Sirra, (quoth he) is your minde on your halfe penny, or are you saying
a dirge for your fathers soule? what is my dinner ready? At this
question Rosader turning his head askance: and bending his browes
as if anger there had plowed the furrowes of her wrath, with his
eyes full of fire he made this reply. Dost thou aske me (Saladin)
for thy caters, aske some of thy churles, who are fit for such an office.
I am thy equall by nature, though not by birth: and though thou
hast more cards in thy bunch, I haue as many trumps in mine hands
as thy selfe. Let me question with thee: why hast thou sold my woods,
spoyle my manors, houses, and made haucke of such beastes, as my
father bequeathed vnto me? I tell thee Saladin, either answer me
as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemy: adieu Saladin.

At this reply of Rosaders, Saladin smiled, he laughing at his
presumption, and frowned, as checking his folly: he therefore took
him vp thus shortly. What Sirra, I see, easily pricked the tree that
will proue a thorne: hath my familiar conuersing with you made
you coy, or my good looks, or a woe you to be thus contemptuous?
I can quickly remedy such a fault, and I will bend the tree while it
is a wand: in faith (sir boy) I haue a staffe for such a head strong
colt. You sir, lay hold on him, and binde him, and then I will giue
him a cooling card for his choler. This made Rosader halfe dead, that
stepping to a grea rake that stood in the garden, hee layd such load
vpon his brothers men, that hee hurt some of them, and made the
rest of them run away. Saladin seeing Rosader so resolute, and with
his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safety, and took
him to a lost aduancing to the garden, whether Rosader pursued
hotly. Saladin afraide of his brothers fury, cryed out to him
thus

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thus. Rosader, be not so fashy, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I haue done thee wrong. Ile make thee amends & reueng not anger in blood, for so shalt thou attaine the vertue of old Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent, and thou shalt be satisfied. As others frowns ought not to be periods of wrath: what man, I like not so somerely, I know we shall be friends, and better friends than we haue bin. For, *Antantium in amoris redintegratio est.*

These words appeased the cholour of Rosader, (for hee was of a milde and courteous nature) so that he laid downe his weapons, and vpon the faith of a Gentleman, assured his brother hee would offer him no p̄iudice: whereupon Saladine came downe, and after a little parley, they imbraced each other & became friends, and Saladine promised Rosader the restitution of all his lands, and what fauour else, quoth he, any wayes my ability or the nature of a brother, may performe. Vpon these sugred reconciliations, they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old seruants of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the straw, till it chanced that Torismond King of Pradec had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrestling, and of Tournament to buile his Commons heads; least being idle, their thoughts should run vpon serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished King: a Champion there was to stand against all comers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength, so valiant, that in many such combats hee alwayes bare away the blood, i.e. not onely overthrowing them which he encountered, but often with the weight of his body, killing them outright. Saladine hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take opportunity by the forehead: first by secret hee was acquainted with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to watch, that if Rosader came within his clauies, hee should neuer more learne to quarrell with Saladine for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as *Quis nisi pence inquit obsequium respiciat?* taking great gifts for little goods, took the crownes of Saladine to performe the stratagem. Having thus tyed the Champions his villanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. He went to young Rosader, (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower than vertue commanded) and began to tell him of this Tournament and wrestling, how the King should be there, and

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and all the chiefe Peeres of France, with all the beautifull damfels
of the countrey: now brother, quoth hee, for the honoz of Sir Iohn
of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famous that house that ne-
uer hath bin found without men appoynted in chivalry, shew thy re-
solution to be peremptory. For my selfe, thou knowest though I am
eldest by birth, yet neuer having attempted any deeds of Armes, I
am yongest to performe any martiall exploits, knowing better how
to suruey my lands, than to charge my Lance: my brother Fer-
nandine he is at Paris, poring on a few papers, hauing more insight
into sophistrie and principles of Philosophie, than any warlike in-
denours: but thou Rosader the yongest in yeares, but the eldest in
valour, art a man of strength, and darest doe what honour allowes
thee: take thou thy fathers Lance, his Sword, and his Horse, and
hie thee to the Tournament, & either there ballantly crack a speare,
or trie with the Norman for the palme of actiuite. The words of
Saladine were but spurs to a free horse, for he had scarce vttered them
ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that
he promised in what hee might to requite his courtesie. The next
morrow was the day of the Tournament, and Rosader was so desir-
ous to shew his heroicall thoughts, that hee passed the night with
little sleepe: but as soon as Phœbus had dailed the curtain of the night,
and made Aurora blush, with giuing her the beso las labras in his sil-
uer Couch, hee gate him vp, and taking his leave of his brother,
mounted himselfe towards the place appointed, thinking euery mile
tenne leagues till he came there. But leauing him so desirous of the
Tourney to Torismond the King of France, who hauing by force ba-
nished Gerismond their lawfull King, that liued as an outlaw in the
forest of Arden, sought how by all meanes to keepe the French busi-
ed with all sports, that might breed their content. Amongst the rest
he had appointed this solenne Tournament, wherunto he in most
solenne manner resorted, accompanied with the twelue peeres of
France, who rather for feare then loue, geared him with the beam of
their dutifull fauours. To fild their eyes, & to make the beholders
pleased with the sight of most rare glittering objects, he had appoint-
ed his owne daughter Aliada to be there, and the faire Rosalind
daughter vnto Gerismond, with all the beautifull Damolets that
were famous for their features in all France.

Thus in that place did loue and warre triumph in a sympathy,
such

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such as were martial, might vse their lance to be renowned for the excellency of their chivalry, and such as were amorous, might glut themselves with gasing on the beauties of most heauenly creatures. As euery mans eye, had his seuerall atney, and fante was partiall in their lookes, yet all in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalind, for vpon her cheekes there seemed a battel betwene the Graces, who should bestow most fauours to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Luna when shee kist the Shepheard of the hills of Lamos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the vermillion florish on the silver hue of Rosalinds countenance: her eyes were like those Lampes that make the wealthie conert for the heauens more glorious, sparkling fauour and disdain, curteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amozets, & Diana all her chastitie. The tresses of her haire folded in a caule of gold, so farre surpass the burnisht glister of metall, as the Sunne doth the meaneest Starre in brightnesse: the tresses that folds in the browes of Apollo, were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her haire it seemed loue had laid himselfe in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze vpon their excellence: what should I need to discipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all, she was the paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalind fate (I say) with Alioda as a beholder of these sports, & made the Cavaliers crack their lances with more courage: many deedes of knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were giuen, according to their seuerall deserts: at last, when the Tournament ceased, the Wrestling began, and the Norman presented himself, as a challenger against all comers, but he looked like Hercules when hee aduansed himselfe against Achelous, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of activitie, till at last a lusty Franklin of the Country came with two tall men that were his sonnes, of good lineaments, and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing obeysance to the King, entred the list, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who immediately coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glory of his strength, roused himself with such wonderfull fury, that not onely he gaue him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his copulent personage: which the yonger brother seeing, leapt presently into the place, and eagerly thirsting after reuenge, assailed the Nor-

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man with such valour, that at the first encounter hee brought him on his knees, which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so earnestly to the young Franklin, that taking him by in his armes, hee threw him against the ground so violently, that hee broke his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this vnlookt for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pitie: but the Franklin, father vnto these, neuer changed his countenance, but as a man of a courageous resolution, took up the bodies of his sonnes without shew of outward discontent.

All this while Gooden Rosader and saw this Tragedie: who noting the vndoubted vertue of the Franklins mind, alighted off from his Horse, and presently sat downe on the grasse, and commanded his boy to pull off his bootes, making him readie to try the strength of this champion being furnished as he would, he clapt the Franklin on the shoulder, & said thus: Bold yeoman whose sonnes haue ended the tearme of their yeeres with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the iniurie of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy sonnes, stand a while: either see me make a third in their tragedie, or else reuenge their fall with an honorable triumph. The Franklin seeing so goodly a Gentleman to giue him such curteous comfort, gaue him hearty thanks with promise to pray for his happy successe. With that Rosader bayled bonnet to the King, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the company than the combatant, he cast his eyes vpon the troop of Ladies, that glistered like the starres of heauen: but at last, loue willing to make him amorous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalind, whose admirable beauty so intieagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood, and fed his lookes on the fauor of Rosalinds face, which shee perceiuing, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellency, that the bashfull red of Aurora, at the sight of vnacquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious.

The Norman seeing this young Gentleman fettered in the looke of the Ladies, draue him out of his Memento with a shake by the shoulder: Rosader looking backe with an angry frowne, as if he had beene wakened from some pleasant dreame, discovered to all, by the fury of his countenance, that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage,

with

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with a generall applause of fauours, they grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action: but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they willed him to be graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breath: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whom Saladine had appointed him to kill: which coniecture made him stretch euery limbe, and try euery sinew, that working his death he might recouer the gold, which so bountifullly was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was hotile, but still cast his eye vpon Rosalind, who to encourage him with a fauour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might haue made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalinde so fierced the passionate desires of Rosader that turning to the Norman he ran vpon him and brained him with a strong encounter: the Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to iudge on whose side fortune would be prodigall. At last Rosader calling to minde the beauty of his new Mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, rolsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling vpon his chest with so wilking a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie. The death of this Champion, as it highly contented the Franklin, as a man satisfied with reuenge, so it drew the King and all the Peeres into a great admiration, that so young peeres and so beautifull a personage, should containe such martiall excellence: but when they knew him to bee the youngest sonne of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, the King rose from his seat and embraced him, and the Peeres intreated him with all favourable curtesie commending both his valour & his vertues, wishing him to goe forward in such haughty deeds, that hee might attaine to the glory of his fathers honourable fortunes.

As the King and Lords graced him with embracing, so the Ladies fauoured him with their lookes, especially Rosalind, whom the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted loue a toy, and fancys a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke: and therefore

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feared not to dally in the flame, and to make Rosader know shee affected him: tooke from her necke a Jewell, and sent it by a Page to the yong gentleman. The Prize that Venus gave to Paris, was not halfe so pleasing to the Troian, as this Jewell was to Rosader: for if fortune had sworne to make him the sole Monarch of the world, hee would rather haue refused such dignitie, than haue lost the Jewell sent him by Rosalind. To requite her with the like he was unfurnished yet that he might more than in his looks discover his affection, he stept into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ his fancie,

Two Sunnes at once from one faire heaven there shinde,
Ten braunches from two boughes tip all with roses,
Pure lockes more golden, than is gold it findes,
Two pearled rowes that Natures pride incloses.
Two mounts faire marble white, downe soft and dainty,
A snow died orbe: where loue increast by pleasure
Full wofull makes my heart, and body faintie:
Her faire (my woes) exceeds all thought and measure.
In lines confusde my lucklesse harme appeareth,
Whom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This sonnet he sent to Rosalind, which when she read, she blusht, but with a sweet content in that she perceiued loue had allotted her so amorous a seruant. Leaving her to her new intertaind fancies, againe to Rosader, who triumphing in the glorie of this conquest, accompanied with a troupe of yong gentlemen, that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Saladine, who was waiting before the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should haue, assuring himselfe of his death, and deuising how with dissimuled sorrow, to celebrate his funerals: as he was in this thoght, hee cast vp his eye, and saw, where Rosader returned with the garland on his head, and hauing won the prize, accompanied with a true of boon companions: græued at this, hee stept in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such unkind entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothering his griefe with a smile, he turned to the Gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excused, for hee did not this vpon a malicious intent or nigardize, but because he was brought up in the country, he absented himselfe, as not finding his

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nature fit for such youthfull company. Thus he sought to shadow abuses profered him by his brother, but in vaine, for he could by no meanes bee suffered to enter: wherupon he ran his foot against the doore, and brake it open: drawing his sword, and entring boldly into the Hall, where he found none (for all were fled) but one Adam Spencer, an Englishman, who had bene an old and trustie servant of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: hee for the loue he bare to his deceased Master, fauoured the part of Rosader, and gaue him and his such entertainment as he could. Rosader gaue him thanks, and looking about, seeing the Hall empty said: Gentleman you are welcome, frolike, and bee merry, you shall be sure to haue wine euough, whatsoener your fare be. I tell you Cavaliers, my brother hath in his house fine tunne of wine, and as long as that lasteth. Thelshew him that spareth his liquor. With that hee burst open the buttery doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer couered the Tables, and set downe whatsoener hee could find in the house, but what they wanted in meat, was supplied with drinke, yet had they royall cheare, and withall such hartie welcome, as would haue made the courtest meats seeme delicates. After they had, feasted & frolickt it twise or thrise with an vpley freeze, they all tooke their leaue of Rosader and departed. As soone as they were gone, Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drew his sword, and swore to be reuenged of the discourteous Saladine: yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendshippe and amity betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladine, they were once againe reconciled, & put vp all forpast injuries, with a peateable agrément, liuing together for a good space in such brotherly loue, as did not onely reioyce the seruants, but made all the Gentlemen and bordering neighbours glad of such friendly concord. Saladine hiding fire in the straw, and concealing a poisoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter opportunity hee shewed himselfe a great fauor of his brothers vertuous endeours: where leauing them in this happy league, let vs returne to Rosalind.

131 Rosalind returning home from the triumph, after she waied solitary, Loue presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at disouert, strooke her so deepe, as she felte her selfe grow passing passionate: she began to call to mind the comeliness of his person, the hono: of his parents, and the vertues that excelleth both,

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made him so gracious in the eyes of euery one. Sucking in thus the hony of loue, by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, she began to surfet with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when she cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, and fancie to vaile bonnet, that betweene a *Chaos* of confused thoughts, she began to debate with her selfe in this manner.

Saladines passion.

Iffortunate Rosalind, whose misfortunes are more than thy yeres, and whose passions are greater than thy patience. The blossoms of thy youth are mixt with the frosts of enuy, and the hope of the ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Why rather is by Torismond banisht from the crowne, and thou the vnhappy daughter of a king detained captiue, liuing as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah Rosalind, what cares waite vpon a crown: what griefes are incident to dignitie: what sorowes haunt royall palaces. The greatest seas haue the sorest stormes, the highest birth subiect to the most bale, & of al trees the Cedars soonest shake with the wind. Small currents are euery calme, low valleys not scorcht in any lightnings, noz base men tyed to any baleful pzeiudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch pouerty, it is with her heele, rather disdaining their want with a frowne, then enioying their wealth with disparagement. Oh Rosalind, hadst thou bene borne low, thou hadst not falne so high, and yet being great of blood, thine honour is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet fates vnwilling to haue me any wayes happy, haue forced loue to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Loue Rosalind becommeth it too men in distresse to thinke on loue? Tully, desire hath no respect of persons, Cupid is blinde and shooteth at randome, as soone hitting a ragge, as a robe, and piercing as soone the bosome of a Captiue, as the brest of a Libertine. Thou speakest it pooze Rosalind by experience, for being euery way distressed, surcharged with cares, and ouer growne with sorowes, yet amidst the heape of all these mishaps, Loue hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of young Rosader, a man euery way absolute as well for his inward life, as for his outward trimments, able to content the eye with beauty, & the eare with the

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report of his vertue. But consider, Rosalind, his fortunes, and thy present estate: thou art poore, and without patrimony, & yet the daughter of a Prince, he a yonger brother, & void of such possession, as either might maintaine thy dignities, or reuenge thy father iniuries. And hast thou not learned this of other Ladies, that Louers cannot liue by looks: that womens eares are sooner content with a pound of giue me, than a dram of heare me, that gold is sweeter than eloquence: that loue is a fire, and wealth is the fuel: that Venus confers should bee ever full. When Rosalind, seeing Rosader is poore, thinke him lesse beautifull, because he is in want, & account his vertues but qualities of course, for that hee is not endued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what method is to be vsed in loue.

Quarenda pecunia primum, post minimos virtus.

Thus Rosalind, be not ouer rash, leape not befoze thou looke, either loue such an one as may with his lands purchase thee liberty, or else loue not at all. Chuse not a faire face with an empty purse, but say as most women vse to say:

Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.

Why Rosalind, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties: Can the degree of a princesse, the daughter of Gerismond harbour such seruile conceits, as to prize gold more than honour, or to measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. So Rosalind, bluth at thy base resolution, and say if thou louest either Rosader, or none: and why? because Rosader is both beautifull and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new entertained passions taking out her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie.

28

Rosalinds Madrigall.

Loue in my bosome like a Bee,
doth sucke his sweet:
Now with his wings he plases with mee,
now with his feet,
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest,
Ah wanton, will yee?

And

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And if I sleepe, then pearceth he
with pretie flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
the lute-long night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He musicke playes, if so I sing,
He leads me every louing thing,
Yet cruell hee my heart doth sting,
Whist wanton still yee,
Else I with Roses every day,
will whip you hence:
And bind you when you long to play,
for your offence,
He shut my eyes to keepe you in,
He make you fast it for your sinne,
He count your power not worth a pinne,
Alas what hereby shall I winne,
If he gain-say me?
What if I beate the wanton boy
with many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
because a God.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosome bee,
Lnke in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid so thou pitie mee:
Spare not but play thee

Scarce had Rosalind ended her Madrigall, before Torismond came in with his daughter Aliada, and many of the pères of France, who were enamoured at her beauty: which Torismond perceiving, fearing lest her perfection might bee the beginning of his prejudice, and the hope of his fruit end in the beginning of her blossomes, hee thought to banish her from the Court: so, quoth hee to himselfe, her face is so full of favour, that it pleades pitié in the eye of every man, her beauty is so heavenly and divine, that shee will proue to mee as Helen did to Priam: some one of the Pères will aime at her loue, and the marriage, and then in his wiues right attempt the kingdom. To prevent had I wisht in all these actions, shee carries not about
the

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the Court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father, or else seek other fortunes. In this humor, with a sterne countenance full of wrath, he breathed out this censure vnto her before the Peeres that charged her, that that night she were not seene about the Court: for (quoth he) I haue heard of their aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange vnto Rosalind, and presently covered with the shield of her innocencie, she boldly brake out in reuerent termes to haue cleared herselfe: but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his Lords pleade for Rosalind, although her beautie had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath portrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalind amazed, Alinda who loued her more than her selfe, with griefe in heart and teares in her eyes, falling downe on her knees, began to intreat her father thus.

Alindas oration to her father in defence of Rosalind.

If (mighty Torismond) I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie craue pardon for my boldnesse: for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priuiledge. Rosalind and I haue bene fostred by from our infancies, and nursed vnder the harbour of our conuersing together, with such priuate familiarities, that custom hath wrought an union of nature, and the sympathy of our affections such a secret loue, that wee haue two bodies, & one soule. When maruell not (great Torismond) seeing my friend distressed, I finde my selfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes; for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such, as may challenge loue, and rase out suspicion, her obedience to your Maiestie, I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered al griefs with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honozed you with all dutie, as her owne father by nouriture, not in word uttering any discontent, nor in thought (as far as coniecture may reach) hammering on reuenge: only in all her actions seeking to please you, & to win my fauour. Her wisdom, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not decypher: onely it rests for mee to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, Fortune who triumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some enuious person (as minister of her intended stratagem) to taint Rosalind with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by

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nesses: which proued, let her die, and Alinda will execute the man-
dree. If none can auouch any confirmed relation of her intent, vse Ju-
dice my Lord, it is the glory of a King, and let her live in your won-
dered fauour: for if you banish her, my selfe as a copartner of her hard
fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities.

Torismond (at this speech of Alinda) couered his face, with such a
frown, as tyranny seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, & checkt
her vp with such taunts as made the Lords (that only were hearers)
to tremble. Proud girle (quoth he) hath my looks made thee so light
of tongue, or my fauours encouraged thee to be so forward, that thou
darest presume to preach after thy father? Hath not my yeeres
more experience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper
insight into ciuill policie, than the prime of thy flourishing dayes?
The old Lion auoides the toyles, where the young one leapes into the
nette: the care of age is prouident, and foresces much: suspicion is a
vertue, where a man holdes his enemy in his bosome. Thou, fond
girle, measurest all by present affection, and as thy heart loues, thy
thoughts censure: but if thou knowest that in liking Rosalind, thou
hatchest vp a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldest in-
treat as much for her absence as thou delightest in her presence.
But why doe I alleadge policie to thee? sit downe huswife, and
fall to your needle: if idlenesse make you so wanton, or libertie so ma-
lipert, I can quickly tye you to a sharper taske: and you (mayd) this
night be packing, eyther to Arden to your father, or whither best it
shall content your humour, but in the Court you shall not abide.
This rigorous reply of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for still
she prosecuted her plea in the defence of Rosalind, wishing her fa-
ther (if his censure might not be reuerst) that he would appoint her
partner of her exile: which if he refused, either she would by some se-
cret meanes steale out and follow her, or else ende her dayes with
some desperate kind of death. When Torismond heard his daughter
so resolute, his heart was so hardened against her, that hee set downe
a definitiue & peremptory sentence, that they should both be banished:
which presently was done. The tyrant rather chosing to hazard the
losse of his onely child, then any wayes to put in question the state of
his kingdom: so suspicious & fearefull, is the conscience of an usur-
per. All although his Lords perswaded him to retayne his owne
daughter, yet his resolution might not be reuerst, but both of them
must

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must away from the Court, without either more companie or delay: In he went with great melancholy, and left these two Ladies alone: Rosalind wared very sad, and sat downe and wept. Alinda she smiled, and sitting by her friend, began thus to comfort her.

Alindas comfort to perplexed Rosalind.

Vhy holw now Rosalind, dismayd with a frowne of contrary fortune? Haue I not oft heard thee say, that high minds were discovered in fortunes contempt, and heroricall scene in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont tell others that complained of distresse, that the sweetest salve for miserie was patience, and the onely medicine for want, The precious implaister of content: being such a good Physician to others, wilt thou not minister recites to thy selfe? But perchance thou wilt say:

Consulent inuicem caput doluit,

Why then, if the Patients that are sicke of this disease, can finde in themselves neither reason to perswade, nor art to cure, yet (Rosalind) admit of the counsell of a friend and apply the salues that may appeasethy passions. If thou grienest that being the daughter of a Prince, that enuie thwartes thee with such harder exigents, thinke that royaltie is a faire mark, that Crownes haue crosses when mirth is in cottages: they say the fairer the rose is, the sooner it is bitten with Caterpillers: the more orient the Pearle is the more apt to take a blemish: and the greatest birth, as it hath most honors, so it hath much enuie. If then fortune aimeth at the fairest, be patient Rosalind: for, first by thine exile thou goest to thy father, nature is higher prized then wealth, and the loue of ones parents ought to be more precious then all dignities: why then doth my Rosalind griue at the frowne of Torismond, who by offering her a preiudice, proffers her a greater pleasure: and more (mad lasse) to be melancholy, when thou hast with thee Alinda, a friend, who will be a faithfull copartner of all thy misfortunes, who hath left her father to follow thee, and chuseth rather to bryoke all extremities, then to forsake thy presence. What Rosalind:

Salamen miseris socios habuisse doloris,

Cherely woman, as we haue bene bedfellows in royaltie, we will be fellow mates in povertie: I will ener be thy Alinda, & thou shalt

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eruer rest to mee Rosalind, so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of Rosalind and Alinda, as they did of Pylades and Orestes. And if ever fortune smile, and wee returne to our former honour, then folding our selues in the sweet of our friendship, we shall merrily say (calling to minde our fore-passed miseries:)

Alim hec meminisse iurabit.

At this Rosalind began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a few kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gaue her hearty thanks, and then they sate them downe to consult how they should trauell. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might haue no man in their company, saying: it would bee their greatest preiudice, in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalind) art thou a woman and hast not a so-daine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparell of a Page, thou shalt be my Mistresse, and I will play the man so properly, that (trust mee) in what company soeuer I come, I will not bee discovered: I will buy mee a sute, and haue a Rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knaue offer wrong, your Page will shew him the point of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed and presently gathered vp all their Jewels, which they trusted vp in a Casket, and Rosalind in all haste prouided her of robes, and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalind Ganymede: they trauelled along the Vineyards, and by many by-ways, at last got to the Forrest side, where they trauelled for the space of two or three dayes without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and pained with many passionate sorowes. Now the blacke Tre began to treade on their feete, and Alinda thought of her wanted royaltie: but when shee cast her eyes on her Rosalind, shee thought every danger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a fountaine, compassed with a groue of Cypresse tree, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some Goddess had intreated Nature in that place to make her an Abour. By this fountaine sate Aliena and her Ganymede, and forth they pulled such viuals as they had, and fed as merrily as if they had bene in Paris with all the Kings delicacies: Aliena onely grieuing that they could not so much as meeete with a Shepheard, to discover them the way to some place where they might

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might make their abode. At last Ganimed casting vp his eye, espied
whereon a tree was ingrauen certaine verses: which as soon as he
espied, he cried out, be of good cheere *Diſtris*, I spie the figures of
men: for heere in these trees be ingrauen certaine verses of *Shep*-
herds, or some other *Swaines* that inhabite heere about. With that
Aliena start vp ioyfully to heare these newes, and looked, where they
found in the barked of a tree this passion.

Montanus passion.

Hadst thou been borne whereas perpetuall cold

Makes *Tanais* hard, and mountaines siluer old:

Had I complained vnto a marble stone,

Or to the foulds be trayd my bitter mone,

I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:

But euen the pride of Countries at thy birth,

Whilest heauen did smile, did new array the earth,

with flowers chiefe:

Yet thou the flower of beauty blessed borne,

Hast pretie lookes, but all attirde in scorne.

Had I the power to weepe sweet *Mirbas* teares,

Or by my teares to pickce repining cares:

Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,

To scorne the woes that doth my heart attaine,

I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:

But not my teares, but truth with thee preuailes,

And seeming lowe thy sorowes thee assailes:

yet small reliefe

For if thou wilt, thou art of marble hard:

And if thou please, my suite shall none be heard:

No doubt (quoth *Aliena*) this poeſie is the passion of some per-
plexed shepheard, that being enamored of some faire and beautifull
shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therefore complai-
ned of the crueltie of his *Diſtris*. You may see (quoth *Ganimed*)
what mad cattell you women be, whose hearts sometime are made
of Adamant, that will touch with no impression, and sometime of

Euphues golden Legacie:

ware, that is fit for euery forme: they delight to be courted, and then they glory to seeme coy, and when they are most desired, then they freeze with disdain: and this fault is so common to that sexe, that you see it painted out in the Shepheards passions, who found his Mistresse as froward, as hee was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what metall are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne nest? Beware (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not, if hee doe, perchance you will make him leape so farre from loue, that hee will anger euery veyne in your heart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum, I speake now as I am Aliens Page, not as I am Gerismonds daughter: for put me but into a petticoate, and I will stand in defiance, to the uttermost, that women are curteous, constant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there quoth Aliena) and no more, for yonder be characters grauen vpon the barke of a Beech tree: let vs see (quoth Ganimede) and with that they read a fanlie written to this effect.

First shall the heauens want starry light,
The seas be robbed of their waues:
The day want Sonne, and Sonne want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graues.
The Aprill flowers, and leaves, and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the top of highest hills,
By humble plaines be ouerpride,
And Poets scorne the Muses quills,
And fish forsake the water g'ide.

And Iris lose her coloured weedy,
Before I faile thee at thy need.

First direfull hate shall turne to peace,
And loue relent in deepe disdain,
And death his fatall stroke shall cease,
And enuie pitie euery paine,
And pleasure mourne, and sorrow smile,
Before I talke of any guile.

Euphues golden Legacie.

First Time shall stay his staillesse race,
And winter blesse his browes, with corne,
And Snow bemoisten Iulies face,
And winter spring and summer mourne,
Before my penne by helpe of fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

Montanus.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grew from one full of passions. I am of that minde too (quoth Aliena) but see I pray, when poore women seeke to keepe themselves chaste, how men wooe them with many fained promises, alluring with swete words as the Syrens, and after prouing as trothlesse as Eneas. Thus promised Demophoon to his Phillis, but who at last grew more false: The reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were Womens sonnes, and tooke their fault of their mother, for if man had growne from man as Adam did from the earth, men had neuer bene troubled with inconstancie. Leave off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ie pull off your Pages apparell and whip you, as Venus doth her wantons with nettles. So you will (quoth Ganimede) perswade mee to flatterie, and that needs not, but come, seeing we haue found here by this Font, the tract of Shepheards by their Madrigals, and Ronnelayes, let vs forwarde, for either we shall finde some foldes, shepheardes or else some cottage, wherein for a day or two to rest. Content (quoth Aliena) and with that they rose vp, and marched forward till toward the euen: and then comming into a faire valley compassed with mountines, whereon grew many pleasant shrubs, they might descry where two flockes of sheepe did feede.

Then looking about, they might perceiue where one old Shepheard sat, and with him a young swaine, vnder a couert most pleasantly scituated. The ground where they sat was diapred with Floras riches, as shee meant to wrappe Tellus in the glory of her vestments: round about in forme of an Amphitheater, were most curiously planted Pine trees, interseamed with Limons and Citrons
which

Euphues golden Legacie.

which with the thicknesse of their boughs, so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not pierce into the secrets of that Arboz, so united were the tops of so thicked a closure, that Venus might there, in her iollity, haue dallied vnseene with her dearest paramour: fast by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a font so chrystalline & clære, that it seemed Diana with her Dryades, and Hemidriades, had that spring as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious Arboz sate these two Shepheards, seeing their sheepe feede, playing on their pypes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and melody falling into such amorous chat, drawing more nigh, wee might descrie the countenance of the one to bee very full of sorrow: his face to be the very portraiture of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that looking he seemed to die: we (to see what these two were) stole priuily behind the thick, where we overheard this discourse.

A pleasant Eglogue betweene Montanus and Coridon.

Coridon,

SAY Shepheards boy, what makes thee greet so sore,
Why leaues thy pype his pleasure and delight?
Young are thy yeares, thy cheekes with Roses dight,
Then sing for ioy (sweet fwaine) and sigh no more.

This milke-white Poppy and this climbing Pine,
Both promise shade, then sit thee downe and sing,
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,
Till Phœbus daine all Westward to decline.

Montanus,

Ah (*Coridon*) vnmet is melodie
To him whom proud contempt hath overborne:
Slaine are my ioyes by Phœbus bitter scorne,
Far hence my weale, and neere my ieopardie.

Loues burning brand is couched in my breast,
Making a *Phœnix* of my faithfull heart,
And though his fury doe inforce my smart,
As blith am I to honour his behest.

Euphues golden Legacie.

Prepar'd to woes since so my Phoebe wills,
My looks dismayd since Phoebe will disdain;
I banish blisses and welcome home my paine,
Softreames my teares as showres from Alpine hills
In errors maske I blindfold iudgements eye,
I fetter reason in the snares of lust;
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust,
I liue by that which makes me liuing die.
Deuide of rest companion of distresse,
Plague to my selfe, consumed by my thought;
How may my voice on pipe in tune be brought,
Since I am rest of solace and delight?

Coridon

A lorrel Lad, what makes thee her to loue,
A sugred harme, a poison full of pleasure:
A painted shrine fulfil'd with rotten treasure,
A heauen in shew, a hell to them that proue.
A gaine in seeming, shadowed still with want,
A broken staffe which follie dote vphold:
A flower that fades with euery frostie cold,
An Orient Rose sprung from a withered plant.
A minutes ioy, to gaine a world of griefe,
A subtill net to snare the idle minde:
A seeming Scorpion, yet in seeming blind,
A poore reioyce, a plague without reliefe.
For thee *Montanus* follow mine arcede,
Whom age hath taught the traines that fancy vsenke
Leaue foolish loue, for beauty wit abuseth,
And drownes (py folly) vertues springing seede.
Montanus.
So blames the child the flame, because it burnes,

Euphues golden Legacie.

And bird the snare, because it doth entrap:
And fooles true loue, because of sorry hap,
And sailers curse the ship that ouerturnes.

But would the child forbear to play with flame,
And birds beware to trust the fowlers gin:
And fooles foresee before they fall and sin,
And maisters guide their ships in better frame.

The child would praise the fire because it warmes,
And birds reioyce to see the fowler faile:
And fooles preuent, before their plagues preuaile,
And sailers blesse the barks that saue from harmes.

Ah *Coridon*, though many be thy yeeres,
And crooked olde hath some experience left:
Yet is thy minde of iudgement quite bereft,
In view of loue, whose power in me appears.

The Plough-man little wots to turne the pen,
Or booke-man skills to guide the plough-mans cart:
Nor can the Cobler count the termes of art,
Nor base men iudge the thoughts of mighty men.

Nor withered age (vnmeeete for beauties guide,
Vncapable of loues impression)
Discourse of that, whose choise possession,
May neuer to so base a man betide.

But I (whom nature makes of tender molde,
And youth most plaint yeelds to fancies fire)
Do build my haven and heaven on sweet desire:
On sweet desire more deare to me then gold.

Thinke I of loue? Oh how my lines aspire,
Hast thou the Muses to imbrace my browes,
And hem my temples in with Lawrell bowes,
And fill my braines with chaste and holy fire.

Enphues golden Legacie:

Then leaue my lines their homely equipage,
Mounted beyond the circle of the Sunne:
Amaz'd I reade the stile when I haue done,
And her I loue that sent that heavenly rage.

Of Phebe then, of Phebe then I sing,
Drawing the puritie of all the spheares,
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appears,
Her honoured face, and fame to light to bring

In fluent members, and in pleasant vaines,
I robbe both sea and earth of all their state,
To praise her parts I charme both time and fate,
To blesse the Nymph that yeelds me loueficke paine.

My sheepe are turn'd to thoughts, whom froward will,
Guides in the Labyrinth of restless loue,
Feare lends them pasture where soere they moue,
And by their death their life renounceth still.

My sheep-hooke is my pen, mine oaten reede
My paper where my many woes are written,
Thus fillie swaine (with loue and fancy bitten)
I trace the plaints of paine in woful weede.

Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes my teares,
My dreames, my doubt, for Phebe sweet to me,
Who waiteth heauen in sorrowes vale must be,
And glorie shines where danger most appears.

Then *Coridon* although I blithe me not,
Blame she not man, since sorrow is my sweet,
So willethe loue, and Phebe thinkes it meete,
And kinde *Montanus* liketh wel his lot.

Coridon.

Oh staylesse youth, by error so misguided,
Where will prescribe, lawes to perfect wits,

Euphues golden Legacie.

Where reason mournes, and blame in triumphsies, quail not
And folly poisoneth all that time provided.

With wilfull blindnesse bleard, prepar'd to shame,
Prone to neglect occasion when she smiles:
Alas that loue by fond and froward guiles,
Should make thee tract the path to endlesse blame.

Ah (my *Montanus*) cursed is the charme,
That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes:
Leaue off in time, to like these vanities,
Beforward to thy good, and flee thy harme.

As many Bees as *Hibb* daily shields,
As many frie as flecte on Oceans face,
As many heards as on the earth doe trace,
As many flowers as decke the fragrant fields.

As many starres as glorious heaven contains,
As many storms as wayward winter weepes,
As many plagues as hell inclosed keepes,
So many griefes in loue, so many paines.

Suspicion, thoughts, desires, opinions, prayers,
Mislikes, misdeeds, fond ioyes, and fained peace,
Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,
Vows, hope, acceptance, scornes, and deepe despair.

Truce, warre, and woe, doe waite at beauties gate:
Time lost, laments, reports, and priuie grudge,
And last, fierce Loue is but a partiall hudge,
Who yeelds for seruice, shame, for friendship hate.

Montanus

All adder-like I stop mine eares (fond swaine)
So charme no more, for I will neuer change,
Call home thy flocke becometh that stragling range,
For loe, the Sunne declineth hence aaine.

Euphues golden Legacie.

Terecintus.

*In amore hæc insunt vitia: invidia, inimicitia, bellum, pax, rursus, incerta
hæc sunt postules, rationes certa fieri, nihil opus agas, quam si desaperant,
ut cum ratione infans.*

The Shepheards thus having ended their Eglogue, Aliena kept with Ganimede from behind the thicket: at whose sodaine sight the Shepheards rose and Aliena saluted them thus: Shepheards all haile (for such wee beame you by your flockes) and louers good lucke, (for such you beame by your passions) our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by loue, yet by fortune I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you are of perplexed thoughts: wandering this way in a Forrest unknowne, onely I and my Page, wearied with trauell, would faine haue some place of rest. May you appoint vs any place of quiet harbour (be it neuer so meane) I shall be thankful to you, contented in my selfe, and grateful to whomsoever shall be mine Host. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman to speake so curteously, returned her mildly and reuerently this answer.

Faire Mistresse, wee receive you as hearty welcome as you gaine vs a courteous salute. I Shepheard I am, and this a Louer, as watchfull to please his wench as to feede his sheepe: full of fancies and therefore faine I, full of toyes. I chuse him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for loue admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leaving him to his passions, if you be distressed, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is cross with calamitie: pray for you I may, but relieve you I cannot: marry if you want lodging, if you purchase to shroud your selues in a Shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour. Aliena thank Coridon greatly; and presently fate her welcome, and Ganimede by her. Coridon looking earnestly upon her, and with a courteous suruey viewing all her person, applauded in his thought her excellence, and pittying her distresse as desirous to know the cause of her misfortunes, beganne to question with her thus.

If I should not (faire Damsell) occasionate offence, or renew your griefes by rubbing the itar, I would faine craue so much fauour as to know the cause of your misfortunes; and why, and whether you wander with your Page in so dangerous a Forrest? Aliena

Euphues golden Legacie.

(that was as courteous as shee was faire) made this reply: Sheepe heard, a friendly demand ought neuer to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry priuiledged pardons in their foreheads. know therefore, to discouer my fortunes were to renew my sorowes, and I should by discoursing my mishaps, but take fire out of the cinders. Therefore let this suffice gentle Shepheard, my distresse is as great, as my trauaile is dangerous, and I wander in this Forrest to light on some cottage, where I and my Page may dwell: for I meane to buy some Farme, and a flocke of sheepe, to become a Shepheardesse, meaning to liue low, and content me with a country life: for I haue heard the Swaines say, that they drunke without suspicion, and slept without care. Parry mistris (quoth Coridon) if you meane so, you come in good time: for my Landlord intends to sell both the farme I till, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may haue them for ready money: and for the Shepheards life (oh Mistris) did you but liue a while in their content, you would say the Court were rather a place of sorow than of solace. Here Mistris shall not fortune thwart you, but in meane misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breeds beggerie, so it can bee no extreame preiudice: the next yeere may amend all with a fresh encrease. Enue stirres not vs, we couet not to climb, our desires mount not aboue our degrees, nor our thoughts aboue our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as we exceede not in diet, so we haue enough to satisfie: and Mistis, I haue so much Latin, *Satis quod est sufficit.*

By my truth Shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest mee in loue with thy Country life, and therefore send for thy Landlord, and I will buy thy Farme and thy flocks and thou shalt still vnder mee be ouerseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake, I and my Page will serue you, leade the flocks to the field, & fold them: thus will I liue quiet, vnknowne, and contented. The newes so gladded the heart of Coridon, that he should neuer bee put out of his Farme, that putting off his Shepheards bonnet, he did her all the reuerence he might. But all this while late Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phebe, whom hee loved long, but was in hope to winne. Ganimede, who still had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughts, tooke delight to see the poore Shepheard passionate, laughing at loue, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last, when he had noted

Euphues golden Legacie.

his teares that stole downe his cheeks, and his sighs that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, shee demaunded of Coridon, why the young shepheards looked so sorrowfull? Oh sir (quoth he) the boy is in loue. Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepheards loue? I (quoth Montanus) and ouer-loue, else shouldst not thou see mee so pensieue. A loue I tell thee is as precious in a shepheards eye, as in the lookes of a king, and we country swaines entertaine fancie with as great delight, as the proudest Courtier doth affection. Opportunitie (that is the sweetest friend to Venus) harboreth in our cottages, and loyaltie (the chiefe fealtie that Cupid requireth) is found more among shepheards then higher degrees; When aske not if such silly swaines can loue. What is the cause then quoth Ganimede, that loue being so sweet to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Because (quoth Montanus) the partie beloued is froward: and hauing curtesie in her lookes, holdeth disdain in her tongues end. What hath she then (quoth Aliena) in heart? desire I hope. Adam (quoth he) or else my hope is lost, dispaire in loue were date. As thus they chatted, the sonne being ready to set, and they not hauing folded their sheepe, Coridon requested she should sit there with her Page, till Montanus and he lodged their sheepe for that night. You shall goe, quoth Aliena, but first I will intreat Montanus to sing some amorous sonnet, that hee made when hee had bene deeply passionate. That I will quoth Montanus, and with that he beganne thus.

Montanus

Phoebe fate,

Sweet thee fate,

Sweete fate Phoebe when I saw her.

White her brow,

Coy her eye:

Brow and eye how much you please me,

Words I spent,

Sighes I spent:

Sighes and words could neuer draw her.

Oh my loue,

Thou art lost:

Since no sight could euer ease thee,

Phoebe

Euphuus golden Legacie.

Phoebe fate,

By a fount:

Sitting by a fount I spide her.

Sweet her touch,

Rare her voice,

Touch and voyce, what may distaine you?

As the sung,

I did sigh.

And by sighs whilst I tride her,

Oh mine eyes,

You did looser.

Her first sight whose want did paine you,

Phoebes flockes,

White as Woll?

Yet were Phoebes lookes more whiter.

Phoebes eyes

Doue-like milde:

Doue-like eyes, both milde and cruell.

Montan swears

In your lap.

He will die for to delight her.

Phoebe yeeld

Or I die.

Shall true hearts be fancies fuell?

Montanus had no sooner ended this Sonnet, but Coridon with a low curtesie rose vp. and went with his fellow, and that their sheepe in the foldes: and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home wearie to his poore cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loue: he resolving Aliena, that Phoebe was the fairest shepheardesse in all France, and that in his eye, her beautie was equall to the Pimpheas.

But quoth hee, as of all stones, the Diamond is the clearest, and yet most hard for the Lapidarie to cut, as of all flowers the rose is the fairest, and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles: so of all our countrie Lasses, Phoebe is the brightest, but the most coy of all to steepe into desire. But let her take heed, quoth he, I haue heard of Narcissus,

who

Euphues golden Legacie.

who for his high disdain against Ioue, perished in the folly of his owne Ioue. With this they were at Coridons Cottage, where Mon-tanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Alinda and Ganimede, glad of so contented a shelter, made merrie with the poore Swaine, and though they had but Country fare, and coarse lodging, yet the welcome was so great, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the Court of Torismond.

The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toyle of vnaccustomed trauell: but as soone as they got vp, Alinda resolved there to set vp their rest, and by the helpe of Coridon, swapt a bargaine with his Landlord, and so became a Distresse of the farme and of the flocke, her selfe putting on the attire of a Shepheardesse, and Ganimede of a young Swaine: every day leading forth her flocks, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thought no content to the blisse of a Country Cottage. Leaving her thus famous amongst the Shepherds of Arden, againe to Saladine.

When Saladine had a long while concealed a secret resolution of reuenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flaxe, nor Dyle in the flaxe: (for enuie is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fogge.) It chanced in a morning very early, he cald vp certain of his seruants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, he entred with his crue, and surpris'd his brother when he was a slepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his Wall chained him to a post. Rosader amazed at this strange chance, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sudden extremity, wherein he had wrongd, and what fault he had committed worthy so sharpe a penance. Saladine answered him onely with a look of disdain, and went his way, leaving poore Rosader in a deep perplexity. Who thus abused, fell into sundry passions, but no meanes of reliefe could be had: whereupon for anger he grew into a discontented melancholy; in which humors he continued two or three dayes without meate: insomuch that seeing his brother would giue him no food, he fel into dispaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer the olde Seruant of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux seeing, touched with the dutie and Ioue he had to his old Master, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sommes misshap. And therefore although Saladine had giuen a general charge to his seruants, that none of them vpon paine of death, should

Ruphu's golden Legacie.

gave either meat or drinke to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could provide, and unlockt him, and set him at liberty.

After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt hee was loose, straight his thoughts aimed at reuenge, and now (all being a sleepe) he would haue quit Saladin with the method of his owne mischief: but Adam Spencer did perswade him to the contrary with these reasons: Sir (quoth he) be content for this night, go againe to your old fetters, so shall you try the faith of friends, and saue the life of an old seruant. To morrow hath your brother invited all your kindred and allies to a solemne breakefast, only to see you, telling them that you are mad, and faine to be tyed to a post. As soone as they come, complaine to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladin. If they redresse you, why so, but if they passe ouer your plaints, *sicco pede*, and hold with the violence of your brother before your innocency, then thus. I will leaue you unlockt, that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the end of the hall you shall see stand a couple of good Dollares, one for you, and another for me. When I giue you a winke, shake off your chains and let vs play the men, and make hauocke amongst them, drive them out of the house, and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the King haue made a redresse of your abuses.

These words of Adam Spencer so perswaded Rosader, that hee went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while the next morning. About the time appointed, came all the guests bidden by Saladin, whom he intreated with so courteous and curious entertainment, as they all perceined their welcome to be great. The Tables in the hall where Rosader was tyed, were covered and Saladin bringing in his guests together, shewed them where his brother was bound, & was inchaired as a man lunatique. Rosader made reply, and with some inuectiues made complaints of the wrongs proffered him by Saladin, desiring they would in pitie seeke some means for his reliefe. But in vaine, they had stopt their eare with Ylisses, that were his words neuer so forcible, he breathed only his passions to the wind. They carelesse sate downe with Saladin to dinner, being very frolike and pleasant, washing their heads well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entred pell-mell into their braines, they began in satyricall speeches to raile against Rosader: which Adam no longer brooking, gaue the signe, & Rosader shaking off the chains got

Euphues golden Legacie.

got a pollaxe in his hand, and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slae some, and brane his brother, and all the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleere, hee shut the doore, and being sore an hungred, & seeing such good victualls hee fate him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellows as hee knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladine had prepared for his friends. After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampired up the house, lest upon a suddaine his brother should raise some crue of histenants, and surprize them unawares. But Saladine tooke a contrary course, and went to the Sheriffe of the shire, and made complaint of Rosader, who giuing credite to Saladine, in a determined resolution to reuenge the gentle mans wrongs, tooke with him five and twenty tall men, and made a bow, either to breake into the house and take Rosader, or else to coope him in till he made him yeld by famine. In this determination gathering a crew together, he went forward to set Saladine in his former estate. News of this was brought to Rosader, who smiling at the cowardize of his brother, brooked all the iniuries of fortune with patience, expecting the coming of the Sheriffe. As hee walkt vpon the battlements of the house, he descrid where Saladine and he drew nere, with a troope of lustie gallants. At this he smild, and called Adam Spencer, & shewed him the enuious trecherie of his brother, and the follie of the Sheriffe, to be so credulous: now Adam quoth he, what shal I doe? It rests in me, either to yeld vpon the house to my brother, and seeke a reconciliation, or else issue out, and breake through the companie with courage: for coopt in like a coward, I will not be. If I submit (ah Adam) I dishonour my selfe, & that is worse than death, for by such open disgraces the fame of men grows odious: if I issue out against them, fortune may fauour me, and that I may escape with life: but suppose the worst, if I bee slaine, then my death shall be honorable to me, & so vnequall a reuenge infamous to Saladine. Why then (master) forward, and feare not, out amongst them, they be but faint hearted lozels: and for Adam Spencer if hee die not at your foote, say he is a dastard. These wordes cheered vp the heart of young Rosader, that hee thought himselfe sufficient for them all, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the Sheriffe: for no sooner came Saladine and he to the gates, but Rosader vnloukt for, leapt out, and

Euphuus golden Legacie.

assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to give backe, so that Adam and hee broke through the presse in dispiight of them all, and tooke their way towards the forrest of Arden. This repulse so set the Sheriffes heart on fire to reuenge, that he straight raised all the country, and made Hue and Cry after them. But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret wayes that led through the Vineyards, stole alway priuily through the Prouince of Burdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thither, they were glad they had so good a harbor: for fortune (who is like the Camelion) variable with euery obiect, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them mirrors of mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the by-wayes to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest where they wandered sine or sixe dayes without meat, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieue them: and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer (being old) began to faint, and setting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader lay as feeble and as ill perplered: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.

Adam Spencers Speech.

O how the life of man may well be compared to the state of the Ocean seas, that for euery calme hath a thousand stormes, resembling the Rose tree, that for a few flowers, hath a multitude of sharpe prickles: all our pleasures ende in paine, and our highest delights are crossed with deepest discontents. The iopes of man, as they are few so are they momentany, scarce ripe before they are rotten: and withering in the blossome, either parched with heate of enuie or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friende, that in all thy daies art froward and fickle, delighting in the pouerty of the lowest, and the ouerthrow of the highest. To discipher thy inconstancie: Thou standest vpon a globe, & thy wings are plumed wth Times feathers, that thou maist neuer be restlesse: thou art double faced like Ianus, carrying frownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray, thou profferest an Cele, & performest a Scorpion, and where thy greatest fauours bee, there is the feare of the extreamest.

Euphues golden Legacie.

misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why (Adam) dost thou exclaime against fortune? shee laughs at the plaints of the distressed: and there is nothing more pleasing to her, than to heare soles boast in her saving allurements, or sorrowfull men to discover the sowre of their passions. Glut her not Adam then with content, but thwart her with b20king all mishaps with patience. For there is no greater checke to the pride of fortune, then with a resolute courage to passe ovet her crosses without care. Thou art old, Adam, and thy haire is wax white, the Palme tree is already full of blowmes, and in the furrrowes of thy face appeare the Callenders of death. Wert thou blessed by fortune, thy yeeres could not be many, nor the date of thy life long: then sith nature must haue her due, what is it for thee to resigne her debt a little befoze the day. Ah it is not this which grieneth me, nor doe I care what mishaps fortune can wage against me: but the sight of Rosader, that galleth vnto the quicke. When I remember the worthips of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe: then doe I say, that fortune and fates are most iniurious, to censure so hard extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Oh Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thine yeers, burome, and full of May. Nature hath prodigally enricht thee with her fauours, and vertue made thee the myrror of her excellence: and now through the decrees of the vniust stars, to haue all these good parts nipt in the blade, and blemisht by the inconstancie of fortune: Ah Rosader, could I helpe thee, my griefe were the lesse, and happy should my death be, if it might bee the beginning of thy reliefe: but seeing wee perily both in one extreame, it is a double sorrow. What shall I doe? preuent the sight of his further misfortune, with a present dispatch of mine owne life. Ah, repaire is a mercilesse linne.

As he was ready to goe forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him change colour, he rose vp and went to him, and holding his temples, said: what chere master: though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these wordes Rosader lifted vp his eyes, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to wepe. Ah Adam quoth he, I sorrow not to die, but I grieuie at the manner of my death. Might I with my lance encounter the enemye, and so die in the field, it were honoz and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wilde

Euphues golden Legacie.

beast, & perish as his prey. I were satisfied: but to die with hunger,
 Oh Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames. Master (quoth he)
 you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live with-
 out meate: seeing therefore wee can find no foode, let the death of the
 one preserve the life of the other, I am old, and ouer-worne with
 age, you are young, and are the hope of many honours, let me then
 die, I will presently cut my veynes: and (master) with the warme
 bloud, relieue your fainting spirits, suck on that till I end, and you
 bee comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his
 knife: when Rosader full of courage, though very faint, rose vp, and
 wisht Adam Spencer to sit there till his returne: for my mind giues
 me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man
 he rose vp, and ranged vp and downe the woods, seeking to encounter
 some wild beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend
 Adam foode, or else pledge his life, in payne of his loyaltie. It hap-
 ned that day, that Gerismond the lawfull King of France, banished by
 Torismond, who with a lustie crew of outlawes liued in that For-
 rest, that day in honour of his birth, made a feast to all his bold yea-
 ren, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a
 long table vnder the shadow of Limmon trees: to that place by
 chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crew of brave
 men, hauing store of that, for want of which hee and Adam perished,
 he stept boldly to the board, and saluted the Company thus.
 Whatsoeuer thou be that art master of these lustie squires, I sa-
 lute thee as graciously, as a man in extreame distresse may: knowe
 that I & a fellow friend of mine, are here famished in the Forrest for
 want of foode: perish we must, vnlesse relieved by thy fauours. There-
 fore if thou be a Gentleman, giue meate to men, and such as are of
 nery way worthe of life, let the proudest squire that sits at thy table
 rise and encounter with me in any honorable point of activity what-
 soeuer, and if he and thou proue me not a man, send me away com-
 fortlesse, if thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will haue
 amongst you with my sword, for rather will I die valiantly, than pe-
 rish with so cowardly an extreame, Gerismond looking him earnest-
 ly in the face, & seeing so proper a Gentleman in so bitter a passion,
 was moued with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke
 him by the hande, and bade him welcome, willing him to sitte
 downe in his place, and in his roome, not onely to eate his fill, but as

Euphuës golden Legacie.

Lord of the feast. Gramercy sir (quoth Rosader) but I haue a feeble friend that lies hereby famished almost for foode, aged, and therefore lesse able to abide the extremity of hunger than my selfe, & dishonour it were for mee to taste one crum, before I made him partner of my fortune: therefore will I run and fetch him, & then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, & tells him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble hee was that he could not goe: whereupon Rosader got him vpon his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw they greatly applauded their leagus of friendship: and Rosader hauing Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. Well, to be short, those hungry squires felt to their victuals, & feasted themselves with good delicates, & great store of wine. As soone as they had taken their repast, Gerismond desirous to heare what hard fortune draue them into those bitter extremities, requested Rosader to discourse, (if it were not any way preiudiciall vnto him) the cause of his trauell. Rosader desirous any way to satisfie the curtesie of his fauourable Host, first beginning his exordium with a bolle of sighs, and a few luke warme teares, prosecuted his discourse, & told him from point to point all his fortunes, how hee was the youngest sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundry times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the Sheriffe, & hurting his men hee fled: and this old man (quoth he) whom I doe much loue and honour, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old seruant of my Fathers, and one (that for his loue) neuer faile me in all my misfortunes. When Gerismond heard this, hee fell on the necke of Rosader, and next discoursing vnto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull King, exiled by Torismond, what familiarity had euer bene betwixt his father Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux and him, how faithfull a subiect he liued, and how honourably he died: promising for his sake, to giue both him and his friend such curteous entertainment, as his present estate could minister: and vpon this made him one of his fozresters.

Rosader seeing it was the King, craued pardon for his boldnesse, in that he did not doe him due reuerence, & humbly gaue him thanks for his fauourable curtesie. Gerismond not satisfied yet with newes, began to enquire if hee had bene lately in the Court of Torismond, and whether hee had seene his daughter Rosalind or no. At this

Rosader

Euphues golden Legacie.

Rosalind fetcht a great sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answer: yet at last, gathering his spirits together, he reuealed to the King how Rosalind was banished and how there was such a sympathy of affections betwene Alinda and her, that she chose rather to be partaker of her exile, than to part fellowship: whereupon the naturall King banished them both: and now they are wandred, none knowes whither, neither could any learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes drave the King into a great melancholy, that presently he arose from all the company, and went into his priuy chamber, so secret as the harbour of the woods would allow him. The company was all dasht at these tidings, and Rosalind and Adam Spencer, hauing such opportunity, went to take their rest. Where we leaue them, and returne againe to Torismond.

The sight of Rosalind came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladine was sole heire of the lande of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire reuenues, found iust occasion to quarrel with Saladine, about the wrongs he proffered to his brother: and therefore dispatching a Herault, hee sent for Saladine in all post haste, who maruelling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein he had offended his highnesse: but imboldened with his innocency, hee boldly went with the Herault into the Court. Where as soone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the King, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladine, chiefly in that the Tylor had streight charge ouer him, to see that he should be close prisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, grieve, and disquieted passions, he resolved into these tearmes.

Saladines complaint.

V Phappie Saladine whom folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires wrapt within the Labyrinth of these calamities. Are not the Heauens downers of mens deeds? And holds not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with fauour, and reuenge with iustice? Oh Saladine the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule: and not onely discovering little nurture, but blemishing the excellency of nature. Whelpes of one litter are euer most

Euphues golden Legacie.

louing, and Brothers that are sonnes of one Father, should liue in friendship without iare. Oh Saladine, so it should be: but thou hast with the Daxe fedde against the wind, with the Crab stroue against the Treacle, and sought to preuent nature by unkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wronges of Rosader (Saladine) cryes for reuenge, his youth pleades to G D D to inflict some pennance vpon thee, his vertues are pleaes that inforce writs of displeasure to trouble thee: Thou hast highly abused thy kind and naturall brother, and the Heauens cannot spare to quit thee of punishment. There is nothing to the worrme of conscience, no hell to a mind touched with guilt. Every wrong I offered him (called now to remembrance) bringeth a droppe of blood from my heart: every badde look, every frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and sayes, Saladine; thou hast sinned against Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thy selfe some pennance to discouer thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the King: who with a look that threatned death, entertained him, and demanded of him where his brother was: Saladine made answer, that vpon some riot made against the Shriffe of the shire, hee was fledde from Bourdeaux, but hee knew not whither. Day, villaine (quoth he) I haue heard of the wrongs thou hast proffered thy Brother, since the death of thy Father, and by thy meanes haue I lost a most brave and resolute Cheualier. Therefore in iustice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for ever from the Court and Country of France, and see thy departure bee within ten dayes, else trust me thou shalt lose thy head, and with that the King flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladine greatly perplexed. Altho grieuing at his erile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and penance of his former follies, to trauaile abroad in euery Coast, til he had found out his brother Rosader. With whom now I doe begin.

Rosader being thus preferred to the place of a Forrester by Gersimon, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnesse by continuall exercise, trauersing the grooues and wild Forrests: partly to heare the melodie of the sweet birds which recorded, and partly to shew his diligent endeavour in his Daughters behalfe. Yet whatsoeuer hee did, or howsoeuer hee walked, the liuely image of Rosalind remained in memorie: on her sweet perfections hee fed his thoughts, prouing himselfe like the eagle, a true home bird, since that the one is

Euphues golden Legacie.

knowne by beholding the sunne, so was hee by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the rest finding a fit opportunitie and place convenient, desirous to discover his woes in the woods, hee ingraued with his knife in the bark of a Myrre tree, this pretie estimate of his mistris perfection.

Sanetto.

Of all chaste birds the Phoenix doth excell.
Of all strong beasts the Lion beares the bell.
Of all sweet flowers the Rose doth sweetest smell,
Of all faire maides my *Rosalind* is fairest.
Of all pure metals Gold is onely purest,
Of all high trees the Pine hath highest crest,
Of all soft sweets I like my Mistris best.
Of all chaste thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.

Of all proud birds, the Eagle pleaseth Ioue,
Of prettie fowles, kind *Venus* likes the Doue;
Of trees *Minerva* doth the Olive Ioue,
Of all sweete Nymphs I honour *Rosalind*.

Of all her gifts her wildome pleaseth most,
Of all her graces vertue she doth boast.
For all the gifts my life and ioy is lost,
If *Rosalind* prooue cruell and yunkind.

In these and such like passions Rosader did every day eternize the name of his *Rosalind*, and this day especially when *Aliena* and *Ganimede* (inforced by the heate of the sunne to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arrived in that place, where this amorous forrester registred his melancholle passions: they saw the sodaine change of his looks, his folded armes, his passionate sighs: they heard him often abruptly call on *Rosalind*, who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that shee shrouded her paines in the vinders of honorable modestie. Whereupon getting him to be in love, and according to the nature of their sexe, being pittifull in that behalfe, they sodainly breake off his melancholy by their approach, and *Ganimede* shooke him out of his dumps, thus.

What newes forrester: hast thou wounded some Dove, and lost him

Euphues golden Legacie,

him in the fall: Care not man for so small a losse, thy fers was but the skin, the Shoulder, and the hoznes: tis hunters luck to aime faire and miste: and a woodmans fortune to strike, & yet go without the game.

Thou art beyond the markes Ganimede, (quoth Aliena) his passions are greater, and his sighs discover more losse: perhaps in tra- versing these thickets, he hath seen some beautifull Nymph, and is growne amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for here he hath newly engraven some Sonnet: come and see the discourse of the Forresters poems. Reading the sonnet over, and hearing him name Rosalind, Aliena lookt on Ganimede, and laughd, and Ganimede looking backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht: yet thinking to shroude all vnder his Pages apparell, shee boldly retur- ned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell mee, Forrester, what is this Rosalind, for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is shee some Nymph that waits vpon Dianas traine, whose chastitie thou hast dysceyphered in such Epithites? Or is shee some Shephardesse that haunts these plaines, whose beauty hath so bewitched thy fancies, whose name thou shadowest in Court vnder the figure of Rosalind, as Ouid did Iulia, vnder the name of Corinna? Or say me forsooth, is it that Rosalind, of whom we sheapeheards haue heard talk, she (Forrester) that is the Daughter of Gerismond, that once was King, and now an Outlaw in this Forrest of Arden? At this Rosader fetcht a deepe sigh, and said it is she, O gentle swaine, it is she, that Saint it is whom I serue, that Goddess, at whose shrine I doe bend all my deuotions, the most fairest of all faires, the Phoenix of all that lere, and the p- rittle of all earthly perfection. And why (gentle Forrester) if she be so beautifull, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happily shee resembleth the Rose, that is sweet, but full of prickles: or the Serpent Regius that hath scales as glorious as the Sunne, and a breath as infectious as the Aconitum is dead- ly: So thy Rosalind may be most amiable, and yet unkind, full of fauour, and yet froward: coy without wit, and disdainfull without reason.

O sheapeheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her personage graced with the excellence of all perfection, beeing a harbor wherein the Graces shewd their vertues, thou wouldst not breath out such blas- phemie against the beauteous Rosalind. Shee is a diamond, bright,

Euphues golden Legacie.

but not heard, yet of most chaste operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a rose without prickles and a Princesse absolute, as well in beauty as in vertue. But I unhappy I, haue let mine eye soare with the Eagle against so bright a Sunne, that I am quite blind: I haue with Apollo enamoured my selfe of a Daphne, not (as shee) disdainfull, but farre more chaste then Daphne: I haue with Ixion layd my loue on Iuno, and shall (I feare) embrace nought but a cloude. Ah Shephard, I haue reacht at a starre, my desires haue mounted aboue my degree, and my thoughts aboue my fortunes: I being a peasant, haue ventured to gaze on a Princesse, whose honours are too high to touchsafe such base loues.

Why Forrester (quoth Ganymede) comfort thy selfe, be blith and frolicke man. Loue sowleth as lowe as she soareth high, and Cupid shoots at a rag as soone as at a robe, and Venus eye that was so curious, sparkled fauour on pole-footed Vulcan. Feare not man, womens lookes are not tied to dignities feather, no: make they curious esteeme where the Stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not Forrester, faint heart neuer wonne faire Ladie. But where liues Rosalind now, at the Court?

Oh no, quoth Rosader, shee liues I know not where, and that is my sorowe, banished by Torismond, and that is my hell: for might I but finde her sacred personage, and plead before the barre of her pitie, the plaint of my passions, hope tells me shee would grace me with some fauour: and that would suffice, as recompence of all my former miseries. Much haue I heard of thy Mistris excellence, and I know Forrester, thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hath surueyed all her parts with a curious eye, then doe that fauour to tell me what her perfections be. That I will, quoth Rosader, for I glory to make all eares wonder at my Mistris excellence. And with that he puld a paper forth of his bosome, wherein he read this.

Rosalinds description.

Like to the cleare in highest sphere,

Where all imperiall glory shines,

Of selfe same coloures is her haire,

Whether vnfolded or in twines:

Heigh ho, faire Rosalind.

Hence eyes are Saphires set in snow.

Resembling

Euphues golden Legacie:

Resembling heauen by euery wink:
The Gods doe feare when as they glow,
And I doe tremble when I thinke,
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her cheekes are like the blushing cloude,
That beautifies *Auroraes* face,
Or like the siluer crimson shroude,
That *Phabus* smiling lookes doth grace.
Heigh ho, faire *Rosalind*.

Her eyes are like to budded Roses,
Whom rankes of Lillies neighbour nigh,
Within which bonnds she Balme incloses,
Apt to entice a Deities:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke is like a stately Tower,
Where loue himselfe imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances euery houre,
From her diuine and sacred eies,
Heigh ho, for *Rosalind*,
Her paps are centers of delight,
Her breasts are robes of heauenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light,
To feede perfection with the same,
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient Pearle, with Rubie red,
With Marble white with Saphire blew,
Her body euery way is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view:
Heigh ho, faire *Rosalind*.

Nature her selfe her shape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her sight,
And loue forsakes his heauenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Then muse not Nymphs though I be none,

Euphues golden Legacie.

The absence of faire *Rosalind*,
Since for a faire there is a fairer none,
Nor for her vertues so diuine,

Heigh ho, faire *Rosalind*,
Heigh ho my heart, would God that she were mine.

Perijt quia deperibat.

Beléeue me (quoth *Ganimede*) either the *Forrester* is an exquisite painter, or *Rosalind* faire about wonder: it makes me blush to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so vnperfect.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly gentle Page thou hast cause to complaine thee, wert thou the substance: but resembling the shadow, content thy selfe, for it is excellency enough to be like the excellence of nature. He hath answered you *Ganimede*, (quoth *Aliena*) it is enough for Pages to waite on beautifull Ladies, and not to be beautifull themselves. Oh *Mistris* (quoth *Ganimede*) hold you your peace, for you are partiall: who knowes not but that all women haue desire to tye souerainty to their petticoats, and ascribe beauty to themselves where if boyes might put on their garments, perhaps they would proue as comely; if not as comely, as courteous, But tell me *Forrester*, (and with that she turned to *Rosader*) vnder whom maintainest thou thy walke? Gentle *Swaine*, vnder the King of *Durflawes*, said hee, the vnfortunate *Gerismond*, who hauing lost his kingdomes, crowneeth his thoughts with content, accounting it better to gouerne among poore men in peace, then great men in danger: But hast thou not, said shee, (hauing so melancholy oportunities as the forrest affordeth thee) written more Sonnets in commendations of thy *Mistris*? I haue gentle *Swaine*, quoth he, but they be not about me, to morrow by dawning of the day, if your flocks feed in these pastures, I will bring them you: wherin you shal reade my passions, while I feele them, iudge my patience when you reade it: till when, I bid farewell. So giuing both *Ganimede* and *Aliena* a gentle goodnight, hee resorted to his lodge, leauing them to their prittle prattle. So *Ganimede* (said *Aliena*, the *Forrester* being gone) you are mightily beloued, men make Ditties in your praise, spend sighs for your sake, make an idoll of your beauty: surely it grines me not a little to see the poore man so pensive, and you so pitilesse.

Oh *Aliena* (quoth shee) be not peremptorie in your iudgement. I
heare

Euphues golden Legacie.

heare Rosalind praised as I am Ganymede, but were I Rosalind I could answer the Forrester, if hee mourne for loue, there are medicines for loue: Rosalind cannot bee faire and unkind. And so Madam you see it is time to folde our flockes, or else Coridon will frotnie & say you will neuer proue good huswife. With that they put their sheepe to their coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage. Aliena as merre as might be, that she was thus in the company of her Rosalind: but shee poore soule, that had loue her loadstarre, and her thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancie, coulde take no rest, but being alone began to consider what passionate penance poore Rosalind was enioyned to by Loue and Fortune: that at last she fell into this humour with her selfe.

Rosalind passionate alone.

A Rosalind, how the fates haue set downe in their Synode, to make thee unhappie: for when fortune hath done her worst, there Loue comes in to begin a new tragedie: she seeks to lodge her sonne in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware fond girdle, he is an unruly guest to harbor: for entring in by intreats, he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuel, as no water is able to quench. Seest thou not how Venus seeks to trap thee in her Labyrinth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorowes, care, and discontent: she is a Syren, stoppe thine eares at her melodie: she is a Basiliske, shut thine eyes, and gaze not at her, least thou perish. Thou art now placed in the countrey content, where are heavenly thoughts, and meane desires: in those Lands where thy flockes feede, Diana hunts: be as her Symphychaste, an enemy to loue: for there is no greater honor to a Maid, then to account of fancie as a mortall foe to their sere. Daphne that bonnie wench was not turned into a Bay tree, as the Poets feine, but for her chastitie, her fame was immortall, resembling the Laurell that is euer greene, follow thou her steppes Rosalind, and the rather for that thou art an exile, & banished from the Court, whose distresse, as in is appeased with patience, so it would be removed with amorous passions. Haue minde on thy forepassed fortunes, feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, least louing in haste, thou repent thee at leysure. Ah, but yet Rosalind, it is Rosalind that courts thee, one, who as he is beautifull, so he is vertuous.

Euphues golden Legacie.

ous, and harboreth in his mind as many good qualities as his face is shadowed with gracious fauours, and therefore Rosalind sSCOPE to loue, least, being either too coy, or too cruell, Venus waie woorth, and plague thee with the reward of disdaine.

Rosalind thus passionate, was awakened from her dumps by Aliena, who said it was time to goe to bedde. Coridon swore that was true, for Charles Waine was ri'en in the North. Whereupon each taking leaue of other, went to their rest. All but the poyze Rosalind; who was so full of passions that shee could not possesse any content. Well, leaving her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning,

The Sunne was no sooner stept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was awakened by Ganimede: who restlesse all night had tossed in her passions: saying, it was then time to go to the field to vnfold their sheepe. Aliena (that spied where the Hare was by the Hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her Ganimede, and therefore replied thus: What wanton? the Sunne is but new vp, and as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosom of Flora, Phoebus hath not dried vp the pearled dewe, and so long Coridon hath taught me, it is not fit to leade the sheepe abroad, least the dewe being unwholsome, they get the col: but now see I this old pzonerbe true, hee is in hast whom the diuell driues, and where loue prickes forward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah my good Page, is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thine heart? What hast thou wrapt loue in thy lookes? and set all thoughts on fire by affection? I tell thee, it is a flame hard to be quencht as that of Aena. But nature must haue her course, womens eyes haue facultie attractive of faire heat, and retentive like the Diamond: they dally in the delight like the obiects, til gazing on the Panthers beautiful skin, repenting experience tell them he hath a deuouring panch. Come on (quod Ganimede) this sermon of yours is but a subtiltie to lie still a bed, because either you thinke the morning cold, or else I being gone, you would steale a nappe: this shift carries no col-out, and therefore vp and away. And for loue let me alone. He whip him away with nettles, and let disdaine as a charme to withstand his forces: and therefore looke you to your selfe, bee not too bold, for Venus can make you bend; nor too coy for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie Peccavi, and that is it (quoth Aliena) that hath raised you so early this

Euphues golden Legacie.

this morning. And with that she slipped on her petticoat, and start up, and as soone as she had made her ready, & taken her breakfast, away goe these two with bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of minde, then euer they were in the Court of Torismoud. They came no sooner nigh the fields, but they might see where their discontented Forrester was walking in his melancholy. As soone as Alinda saw him, she smiled, and said to Ganymede, wipe your eyes sweeting for yonder is your sweet heart this morning in deepe prayers (no doubt) to Venus, that she may make you as pittifull as he is passionate. Come on Ganymede, I pray thee lets haue a little sport with him, Content (quoth Ganymede) and with that, to waken him out of his deepe memento, she began thus.

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions: what makes you so early abroad this morne, in contemplation (no doubt) of your Rosalind? Take heed Forrester, step not too farre, the Ford may be deepe, and you slip ouer the shoes: I tell thee, Flies haue their spleene, the Ants choler, the least haire shadow, and the smallest loues great desires. 'Tis good Forrester to loue, but not to ouer loue, lest in louing her that likes thee not, thou sold thy selfe in an endlesse Labrynth. Rosader seeing the faire Shepheardesse, and her pretty Swaine in whose company he left the greatest ease of his care, he returned a salute on this manner.

Gentle Shepheards, all haile, and as healthfull be your flocks, as you happy in content. Loue is restless, and my body is but the cell of my bane, in that I finde there busie thoughts, and broken slumbers, heere (although euery where passionate) I brooke loue with more patience, in that euery obiect feeds mine eye with variety of fantasies: when I looke on Floras beauteous Taptitrie: checkered with the pride of all her treasures, I call to minde the faire face of Rosalind, whose heauenly hys exceeds the Rose and Lillie in their highest excellence: the brightnesse of Phebus shine, puts me in mind to think on the sparkling flames that flew from her eyes, and set my heart first on fire. The sweet harmonie of the birds puts mee in remembrance of the rare melodie of her voyce, which like the Siren enchanteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I saw my sorowes, with applying the perfection of euery obiect to the excellence of her qualities.

She is much beholding unto you (quoth Alinda) and so much, that

Euphues golden Legacie.

I haue oft wisht with my selfe, that if I should euer proue as amorous as Oenone, I might finde as faithfull a Paris as your selfe.

Now say you by this Item, Forrester (quoth Ganimede) the faire Shepheardesse fauours you, who is Mistris of so many flockes. Leane off man the suspicion of Rosalinds loue, when as snatching at her, you roue beyond the Doone: and cast your lookes vpon my Mistris, who no doubt is as faire, though not so royall; one bird in the hand, is worth two in the wood: better possesse the loue of Alinda, then catch friuolously at the shadowe of Rosalind.

He tell thee boy (quoth Rosader) so is my fauour fixed on my Rosalind, that were thy Mistris as faire as Leda, or Danae, whom Loue courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to entertaine their beauties: and so hath loue lockt me in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then absolutely possesse the excellence of another. Venus is to blame, Forrester, if hauing so true a seruant of you, shee rewardeth you not with Rosalind, if Rosalind were more fairer then her selfe.

Leaving this prattle, now He put you in minde of your promise, about those Sonnets which you said were at home in your Lodge. I haue them about me (quoth Rosader) let vs sit downe, and then you shall heare what a poetickall furie Loue will infuse into a man: with that they sate downe vpon a greene banke, shadowed with fig-trees, and Rosader fetching a deepe sigh, read them this Sonnet.

Rosaders Sonnet.

In sorrowes Cell I laid me downe to sleepe,
But waking woes were iealous of mine eyes,
They make them watch, and bend themselves to weepe,
But weeping teares their want could not suffice.
Yet sigh for her they wept who guides my heart
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares, a fountaine fiercely springs,
Where Venus baynes her selfe incens't with loue,
Where Cupid bouseth his faire feathered wings,
But I, behold what paine I must approue.

Care drinks it drie, but when on her I thinke,
Loue makes me weepe it full vnto the brinke.

Euphues golden Legacie.

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce vnto my teares,
By them the winde increase and fiercely blow:
Yet when I sigh, the flame more plaine appears,
And by their force, with greater power doth glow,
Amids these paines, all Phenix-like I thrive,
Sith loue that yeelds me death, may life reuiue.

Rosalind enesperance.

How surely Forrester, quoth Alinda, when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too fearefull, as despairing of thy mistris fauours, nor too glesome, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile quoth Ganimede, at the Sonnettoes, Canzones, Madrigals, rounds, and roundelayes, that euery pining patient poures out, when their eyes are more full of wantonnesse, then their hearts of passions. Then, as the fishers put the sweetest baite to the fairest fish, so these Ouidians holding Amo in their tongues, when their thoughts come at haphazard, write that they be wrapt in an endlesse Labzinth of sorrow, when walking in the large seas of libertie, they onely haue their humours in their inke-pot. If they finde women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to their lust, then they triumph till they bee full gorged with pleasures: and then flie they away (like ramage Kites) to their owne content, leaving the same fæle their mistris full of fancie, yet without euer a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some wary wanton, that wants not such a one as themselves, but spies their subtiltie) they end their amors with a few fained sighes, and so their excuse is, their Mistris is cruell, and they smother passions with patience. Such (gentle Forrester) we may deeme you to bee, that rather passe away the time here in these woods with writing amozets, then to bee deepely enamored (as you say, of your Rosalind. If you bee such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortune at the highest, and your desires to bee most excellent: then that you may with Ixion, embrace Iuno in a cloud, and haue nothing but a marble mistresse to release your Martyrdome: but if you bee true and trustie, eie-pained and heart sicke, then a cursed bee Rosalind if she proue cruell: for Forrester, I flatter not, thou art worthy of as faire as shee. Alinda spying the storme by the winde, smiled to see how Ganimede flew to the fist without any call: but Rosalind, who

Euphues golden Legacie.

Take him flat for a shepheardes swaine, made him this answer.

Trust me Swaine (quoth Rosader) but my Canzon was written in so much humour: for mine eyes and my heart are relatives, the one drawing fancie by sight, the other entertaining her by sorrow. If thou sawest my Rosalind, with what beauties nature hath favoured her, with what perfection the heavens hath graced her, with what qualities the Gods have endued her: then wouldest thou say there is none so fickle that could be fleeting unto her. If shee had bene Aeneas Dido, had Venus and Iuno both scolded him from Carthage, yet her excellence (displeasure of them) would have detained him at Tyre. If Phillis had bene as beauteous, or Ariadne as virtuous, or both so honorable and excellent as shee: neither had the philbert-tree sorrowed in the death of despairing Phillis, nor the stars have bene graced with Ariadne, but Demophon and Theseus had bene trustie to their Paragons. I will tell thee Swaine, if with a deepe insight thou couldst pierce into the secret of my loves: and see what deepe impressions of her Idea, affection hath made in my heart: then wouldest thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse endued with admirable patience. Why (quoth Alinda) needs there patience in love? Or else in nothing (quoth Rosader) for it is a restless sore, that hath no ease, a canker that still frets, a disease that taketh away all hope of sleepe. If then so many sorrowes, suddaine ioyes, momentarie pleasures, continuall feares, daily griefes, and nightly woes bee found in love: then is not he to bee accounted patient, that smotheres all his passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth Ganymede) and therefore we hold all thy words for Axiomes: but is love such a lingring maladie? It is (quoth hee) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the party that entertaines it: for as the weeds grow longer untoucht then the prettie flowers, and the flint lyes safe in the quarrie, when the Emerald is suffering the Lapidaries toole: So meane men are freed from Venus injuries, when Kings are environed with a labyrinth of cares. The whiter the Laine is, the deeper is the moale; the more purer the Chrysolite, the sooner stained: and such as have their hearts full of honour, have their loves full of the greatest sorrow. But in whomsoever (quoth Rosader) he fireth his dart, hee neuer leaveth to assault him, till either hee hath won him to folleie or fancie: for as the moone neuer goes without the starre,

Lunifera.

Euphuës golden Legacie.

Lunifequa; so a Loner neuer goeth without the vntrest of his thoughts. For pzoofe you shall heare another fancie of my making. Now doe gentle forrester (quoth Ganimede) and with that he read his Sonetto.

Rosaders second Sonetto.

Turne I my lookes vnto the skies,
Loue with his arrowes wounds mine eyes:
If so I looke vpon the ground,
Loue then in euery flower is found:
Search I the shade to flie my paine,
He meets me in the shades againe:
Went I to walke in secret groue
Euen there I meete with sacred Loue:
If so I bathe me in the spring,
Euen on the brinke I heare him sing:
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my mone:
If so I mourne, he weepes with me,
And where I am, there will he be.
When as I talke of *Rosaline*.
The God from coynesse waxeth kinde
And seemes in selfe same flame to frie,
Because he loues as well as I:
Sweete *Rosalind* for pittie rue,
For why, than Loue I am more true:
He if he speede will quickly flie,
But in thy loue I liue and die.

How like you this Sonnet, quoth Rosader? Nay quoth Ganimede, for the pen, well, for the passion ill: for as I praise the one, I pittie the other, in that thou shouldst hunt after a Cloude, and loue either without rewarde, or regard, 'Tis not forwardnesse (quoth Rosader) but my hard fortunes, whose destinies haue crost me with her absence: for did she feele my loue, she would not let me linger in these sorowes. Alas women as they be faire, so they respect faish, and estimate more (if they be honorable) the wil then the wealth, hauing loyaltie that obiect whereat they atune their fancies. But leauing off these enterplayes, you shall heare my last Sonnet, and then you

Euphues golden Legacie.

haue heard all my Poetrie, and with that he sighed out this.

Rosaders third Sonnet.

Of vertuous loue my selfe may boast alone,
Sith no suspect my seruice may attaint:
For perfect faire is she, the onely one,
Whom I esteeme for my beloued Saint.

Thus for my faith I onely beare the bell,
And for her faire she onely doth excell.

Then let fond *Petrarch* shroud his *Laudes* prayse,
And *Tasso* cease to publish his affect:
Sith mine the faith confirmed at all assaies,
And hers the faire, which all men doe respect,
My lines her faire, her faire my faith assures.
Thus I by Loue, and loue by me endures.

Thus, quoth Rosader, here is an end of my Poems, but for all this, no release of my passions: so that I resemble him, that in the depth of his distresse, hath none but the eccho to answer him. Ganimede pitting her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of his amorous melancholy, said, that now the Sunne was in the meridianall heate, and that it was high noone, and therefore we Shepheards say, tis time to goe to dinner, for the Sunne and our Stomacks are Shepheards Dials. Therefore Forrester if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answer whatsoever thou wantest in delicacies. Alinda tooke the entertainment by the ende, and told Rosader hee should bee her guest. Hee thank't them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey Kate would allow them, sawced with such content, and such swete prattle, as it seemed farre more swete then all their Courtly iunkets.

As soone as they had taken their repast, Rosader giving them thanks for his good chere, would haue bene gone: but Ganimede, that was loth to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Say Forrester, quoth hee, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou sayst thou art so deeply in loue, let me see how thou canst woo, I will represent Rosalind, and thou shalt be as thou art, Rosader. See

Euphues golden Legacie.

in some amorous Eglogue hold if Rosalind were present, how thou couldst court her, and while wee sing of loue, Alinda shall tune her Pipe and play vs melodie. Content, quoth Rosader. And Alinda, shee to shew her willingnesse, drew forth a Recorder, and began to wind it. Then the louing Forrester began thus.

¶ The wooing Eglogue betweene *Rosalind*
and *Rosader*.

Rosader.

I pray thee Nymph, by all the working words,
By all the teares and sighs that Louers know,
Or what our thoughts or foltering tongue affords,
I craue for mine in ripping vp my woe,
Sweet *Rosalind* my loue (would God my loue)
My life, (would God my life) ay pittie mee,
Thy lips are kind and humble like a Dove,
And, but with beautie pittie will not bee,
Looke on mine eyes made red with ruthfull teares,
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth:
All pale in lookes, and I, though young in yeares,
And nought but loue or death my daies befrendeth.
O let no stormie rigour knit thy browes,
Which Loue appointed for his mercie seate,
The tallest tree by *Boreas* breath it bowes,
The Iron yeelds with hammer and with heate.

Oh *Rosalind*, then thou pitifull,
For *Rosalind* is onely beautifull

Rosalind.

Loue wantons arme their traitorous suits with teares,
With vowes and oathes, with lookes, with showers of gold,
But when the fruits of their affects appeares,
The simple heart by subtile flights is sold.
Thus suckes the yeelding eare the poisoned baite,
Thus feeds the heart vpon his endlesse harmes,
Thus glut the thoughts themselves on selfe deceit,
Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtile charmes.

Euphues golden Legacie.

The lovely lookes, the sighs that storme so sore,
The deaw of deepe dissembling doublenesse:
These may attempt, but are of power no more,
Where beauty leanes to wit and sloothfastnesse.

Oh *Rosader*, then be thou witifull,
For *Rosalind* scornes foolish pittiful.

Rosader

I pray thee *Rosalind* by those sweet eyes.
That staine the Sun in shine, the Moone in cleare,
By those sweet cheekes where loue encamped lies.
To kisse the Roses of the springing yeere,
I tempt thee *Rosalind* by truthfull plaints:
Not seasoned with deceit of fraudfull guile,
But firme in paine, farre more then tongue depaints:
Sweet Nymph be kind, and grace me with a smile.
So may the heavens preserue from hurtfull food
Thy harmelesse flockes, so may the summer yeeld,
The pride of all her riches and her good,
To fat thy sheepe (the Citizens of field)
Oh leaue to some thy lovely browes with scornes,
The birds their beake, the Lion hath his taile:
And louers nought but sighs and bitter mounne,
The spotlesse sort of fantasie to assaile.

Oh *Rosalind*, then be thou pitifull,
For *Rosalind* is onely beautifull.

Rosalind.

The hardned Steele by fire is brought in frame,
Rosader, And *Rosalind* my loue, not any wooll more softer,
And shall not sighs her tender heart inflame?

Rosalind. When loue is true, maids would belecue them oster.

Rosader. Truth and regard, and honour guide my loue.

Rosalind. Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie.

Rosader. Oh pitie me sweet Nymph, and doe but proue.

Rosalind. I will resist, but yet I know not why,

Rosader. Oh *Rosalind* be kind, for times will change,

Thy lookes eye nill be faire as now they be:

Thine age from beautie may thy lookes estrange,

Ah yeeld in time, sweet Nymph, and pitie me,

Rosalind

Euphues golden Legacie.

Rosalind. Oh *Rosalind*, thou must be pittifull,
For *Rosader* is young and beautifull.

Rosader. O gaine, more great then kingdomes or a crowne!

Rosalind. O trust, betraide of *Rosader* abuse me!

Rosader. First let the heauens conspire to pull me downe,
And heauens and earth as abiects quite refuse me:

Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bowre:

And wretchlesse horror hatch within my brest:

Let beauteous eyes afflict me with a lowre:

Let deepe despaire pursue me without rest,

Ere *Rosalind* my loyaltie disproue,

Ere *Rosalind* accuse me for vnkind.

Rosalind. Then *Rosalind* will grace thee with her loue,

Then *Rosalind* will haue thee still in minde.

Rosader. Then let me triumph more than *Tithans* deare,

Sith *Rosalind* will *Rosader* respect,

Then let my face exile his sorry cheare,

And frolicke in the comfort of affect,

And say, that *Rosalind* is onely pittifull,

Sith *Rosalind* is onely beautifull.

When thus they had finished their courting Eglogue in such familiar clause, Ganimedee as Augure of some good fortunes light vpon their effectiōs, began to be thus pleasant. How now forrester, haue I not fitted your turne? Haue I not plaid the woman hauntsomely, and shewed my selfe as coy in garments, as curteous in distresse; and been as full of suspition, as men of flatterie? And yet to saluallump I not all vp with the sweete vniō of loue? Did not *Rosalind* content her *Rosader*? The Forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes, made this merry reply.

Truth (gentle swaine) *Rosader* hath his *Rosalind*, but as *Ixion* had *Iuno*, who thinking to possesse a Goddesse, onely embraced a clowde: in these imaginarie fructiōs of fantasie, I resemble the byrds that fed themselves with *Zexues* painted grapes, but they grew so leane with pecking at shadowes, that they were glad with *Aesopes* Cocke to scrape for a barley kernell: so fareth it with me, who to feede my selfe with the hope of my *Mistris* fauours, sothe my selfe

Euphues golden Legacie.

selfe in thy lutes, and onely in conceit reape a wished for content: but if my foode be no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yeres end, shall finde mee but a leane Louer. Yet doe I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections, doe diuine some unfained end of ensuing fancies. And thereupon, quoth Aliena, Ile play the Priest: from this day forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt call Ganimede wife, and so wæle haue a marriage. Content, quoth Rosader, and laught. Content quoth Ganimede, and changed as red as a Rose: and so with a smile and blush, they made vp this iesting match, that after proued to a marriage in earnest: Rosader full little knowing he had loved and won his Rosalind.

But all was well, hope is a sweet string to harpe on, and therefore let the Forrester a while shape himselfe to his shadow, and tarry for times leysure, till shee may make a metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I disgresse, and therefore to Aliena, who said, the wedding was not worth a pennie, vntlesse there were some cheere, nor that bargain well made, that was not striken vp with a cup of wine: and therefore she wisht Ganimede to set out such cates as they had, and to draw out her bottle, charging the Forrester as he had imagined his loues, so to conceit these cates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a mayor of wine, and to drinke to his Rosalind, which Rosader did, and so they passed away the day in many pleasant devises: till at last Aliena perceiued time would tarry no man, and that the sunne waxed very lowe, ready to set: which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the banquet with a fresh carouse: which done, they all three arose, and Aliena brake off thus,

Now Forrester, Phoebus that all this while hath been partaker of our sports, seeing euery woman more fortunate in his loues, than hee in his fancies, seeing thou hast woone Rosalind, when hee could not wooe Daphne, hides his head for shame, and bids vs adieu in a cloude. Our sheepe, the poore wantons wander towards their folds, as taught by nature their due time of rest: which tels vs Forrester, we must depart. Marrie though there were a marriage, yet I must carry this night the bride with mee, and to morrow morning if you meete vs heere, Ile promise to deliuer you her as good a maid as I finde her. Content, quoth Rosalind, tis enough for mee in the night to dreame on loue, that in the day am so fond to dote on loue: and

Euphues golden Legacie.

and so till to morrow, you to your folds, and I will to my Lodge: and thus the Forrester and they parted. He was no sooner gone, but Aliena and Ganimede went and followed their flockes, and taking by their hooke, their bags, and their bottles, hied homeward. By the way, Aliena (to make the time seeme short) began to prattle with Ganimede thus: I haue heard them say, that what the fates forepoint, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period, that the starres are ticklers in Venus Court, and desire hangs at the heele of Destinie: if it be so, then by all probable coniectures, this match will bee a marriage: for, if Augurisme be authentically, or the Diuines doomes principles, it cannot be but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance, for to that end did the Gods force the conceit of this Eglogue, that they might discouer the ensuing consent of your affections: so that ere it be long, I hope (in earnest) to dance at your wedding. Tush (quoth Ganimede) all is not mault that is cast on the hill, there goes more wordes to a bargaine than one, loue feelles no footing in the aire, and fantasie holds it slipperie harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made, but hee may misse his mark: but if Fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe: and so I pray you (gentle Mistris Aliena) take it. I take all things well (quoth shee) that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours, for now I hope your thoughts will be at quiet: your eye that euer looketh at loue, will not lend a glance on your Lambes, and then they will proue more buxome, and you more blithe, for the eyes of the Master feedes the Cattell. As thus they were in chat, they spied old Coridon, where hee came plodding to meet them: who told them supper was ready, which newes made them speede their home. Where we will leaue them till the next morrow, and returne to Saladine.

All this while did poore Saladine (banished from Bourdeaux and the Court of France by Torismond) wander vp and downe in the Forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lions, and so to trauell through Germanie into Italy: but the Forrest being full of by-paths, and hee vnskillfull of the Country coast, slippt out of the way, and chanced vp into the Desert, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and brother Rosader. Saladine weary with wandring vp and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little Caeue by the side of a thicket, eating such fruits as the Forrest did affoord, and con-

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tenting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had prouided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast, fell into a dead sleepe. As hee thus lay, a hungry Lion came hunting downe the edge of the groue, for prey, and espying Saladine, beganne to seize vpon him: but seeing hee lay still without any motion, hee left to touch him, for that Lions hate to prey on dead carcases, and yet desirous to haue some foode, the Lion lay downe and watcht to see if hee would stirre. While thus Saladine slept secure, fortune that was carefull of her Champion, beganne to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (hauing stricken a Deere, and but lightly hurt, fled through the thicket) came packing downe by the groue with a Boare-speare in his hand in great haste, hee espied where a man lay a sleepe, and a Lion fast by him: amazed at this sight as hee stood gazing, his nose on a sodaine bled, which made him coniecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his disage, and perceiuing by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladine, which deane Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so vnerpected a chance, maruelling what should driue his brother to trauerse those secret desarts without any company, in such a distressed and forlorne sort. But the present time craving no such doubting ambages, for he must either resolue to hazard his life in his releefe, or else steale away, and leaue him to the crueltie of the Lion. In which doubt he thus briefly debated with himselfe.

Rosaders meditation

NOW Rosader, Fortune that long had whipt thee with pebbles, meanes to salue thee with Roses, and hauing crost thee with many frownes, now thee presents thee with the brightnesse of her fauours. Thou that didst count thy selfe the most distressed of all men, mayest account thy selfe the most fortunate amongst men, if fortune can make men happie, or sweet reuenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou seest Saladine, thine enemye, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subiect to the crueltie of a mercilesse Lion, brought into this miserie by the Gods, that they might seeme iust in renenging his rigor, and thine iniuries. Seest thou not how the starres are in a fauourable aspect, the Planets in some pleasing coniunction, the Fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the Destinies performers of thy desires, in that Sa-

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ladine shall die, and thou be free of his blood: he receiues moed for his amisse, and thou erect this Tombe with innocent hands. Now Rosader shalt thou returne vnto Bourdeaux, and inioy thy possessions by birth, and his reuenues by inheritance: now maist thou triumph with loue, and hang fortunes Altars with garlands: For when Rosalind heares of thy wealth, it will make her loue thee the more willingly, for womens eyes are made of Chrysocol, that is euer vnperfect, vnlesse tempered with gold: and Iupiter soonest enioyed Danae, because he came to her in so rich a shewe. Thus shall this Lion (Rosader) end the life of a miserable man, and from distresse raise thee to bee most fortunate. And with that, casting his Boare-speare vpon his necke, away beganne to trudge. But hee had not stept backe two or thre paces but a new motion strooke him to the very heart, that resting his Boare-speare against his breast, he fell into this passionate humour.

Ah Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Iohn of Bourdeaux, whose vertues exceeded his valour, and the most hardiest knight in all Europe? Should the honour of the father shine in the actions of the sonne, and wilt thou dishonour thy parentage in forgetting that nature of a Gentleman? Did not thy father at his last gaspe, breathe out this golden principle? Brothers amitie is like the droppes of Balsamum, that salueth the most dangerous sores: Did hee make a large exhort vnto concord, and wilt thou shew thy selfe carelesse? Oh Rosader, what though Saladin hath wronged thee, and made thee liue an exile in the Forrest, shall thy nature bee so cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so sauage, as to suffer so dismall a reuenge? What, to let him be deuoured with wilde beasts? *Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit*, is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Lose not his life Rosader, to winne a world of treasure: for in ha-ning him, thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friende, and reconcildest an enemy: and more honour shalt thou purchase by pleasing a foe, than renenging a thousand iniuries.

With that his brother began to stirre, and the Lion to rouse himselfe: whereupon Rosader suddainely charged him with the Boare-speare, and wounded the Lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to haue a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gaue him a sore pinch on the breast, that hee had al-

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most false, yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparkes of Sir John of Bourdeaux remained, hee recovered himselfe, and in thort combat slue the Lion, who at his death roared so loude, that Saladine awaked: and starting vp, was amazed at the sodaine sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweete a Gentleman wounded. Hee presently (as he was of a ripe conceit) began to coniecture that the Gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon (as a man in a trance) hee stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother being in that disguise: at last hee burst into these tearmes. Sir whatsoeuer you be, (as full of honour thou must needs be, by the view of thy present valour.) I perceiue thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and saved my life with thine owne losse: which tyes mee to be thine in all humble service. Thanks thou shalt haue as thy due, and moze thou canst not haue, for my abilities denies mee to performe a deeper debt. But if any wayes it please thee to command me, vse me as farre as the power of a poore Gentleman will stretch.

Rosader seeing hee was vnknowne to his brother, wondred to heare such curteous words come from his crabbed nature, but glad of such reformed nature, hee made this answer. I am sir (whatsoeuer thou art) a Forrester, and a raunger of these walkes, who following my Deere to the fall, was conducted hither by some assenting Fate, that I might saue thee, and disparage my selfe. For coming into this place, I saw thee asleepe, and the Lion watching thy awake, that at thy rising hee might prey vpon thy carkasse. At the first sight I coniectured thee a Gentleman (for all mens thoughts ought to be fauourable in imagination) and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe, though with the losse of mine owne blood, which I haue performed (thou seest) in mine owne prejudice. If therefore thou bee a man of such worth as I value thee, by the exterior lineaments: make discovery vnto me what is the cause of thy present misfortunes: for by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be cross with her frownes: but whatsoeuer, or howsoeuer, let mee craue that fauour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladine sitting downe, and fetching a deepe sigh, beganne thus.

*Saladines discourse to Rosader
vknowne.*

Although

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Although the discourse of my fortunes be the renewing of my sorrowes, and the rubbing of the scarre, will open a fresh wound yet I may not proue vngateful to so curteous a Gentleman, I will rather sit downe and sigh out mine estate, than giue any offence by smothering my griefe with silence. Know therfore (Sir) that I am of Bourdeaux, and the sonne and heire of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a man, for his vertues, and valour, so famous, that I cannot thinke but the fame of his honours hath reacht further than the knowledge of his personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a knight am I, my name Saladine, who succeeding my Father in possessions, but not in qualities, hauing two brethren committed by my father at his death, to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherlie concord, as might haue pierst like the Sirens melodie into my humane eare.

But I with Visses became deafe against his philosophicall harmonie, and made more value of profit, than of vertue, esteeming gold sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans dignitie: I set my middle Brother to the Vniuersitie to bee a Scholler, counting it enough if he might pore on a Booke, while I fedde on his reuenues: and for the younger, which was my Fathers ioy, young Rosader. And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladine sate him downe and wept. Pay, forward man (quoth the Forrester) teares are the vnfittest salve that men can apply to cure sorrowes, and therefore cease from such feminine follies, as should drop out of a womans eye to deceiue, not out of a Gentlemans lookes to discover his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse.

Oh sir, quoth Saladine, this Rosader that wrings teares from mine eye, and blood from my heart, was like my Father in exterior personage, and in inward qualities, for in the prime of his yeares he assumed all his acts at honour, and coueted rather to die, than to brooke any iniurie vnworthy of a gentlemans credite. I, whom enuy had made blind, & couetousnes masked with the veile of selfeloue, seeing the Palme tree grow straight, thought to suppress it being a twig, but nature will haue her course, the Cedar will be tall, the Diamond bright, the Carbuncle glittering, and vertue will shine though it be neuer so much obscure. For I kept Rosader as a slave, and vsed him as one of my seruile bindes, untill age grew on, and a secret insight of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch that hee could not

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not brooke it, but coueted to haue what his father left him, and to liue of himselfe. To be short Sir, I repined at his fortunes, and he countercheckt me not with abilitie, but valour; vntill at last by friends, and ayde of such as followed gold more than right or vertue, I banisht him from Bourdeaux, and he (poore Gentleman) liues (no man knowes where) in some distresse content, The Gods not able to suffer such impietie vnreruenged, so wrought, that the King pickt a causlesse quarrell against mee, in hope to haue my Lands, and so hath exiled me out of France for ever.

Thus, thus Sir, am I the most miserable of all men, as hauing a blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I proffered Rosader, and a touch in my estate to bee throwne from my proper possessions by iniustice. Passionate thus with many griefes, in penance of my former follies. I goe thus pilgrime-like to seeke my brother, that I may reconcile my selfe to him in all submission, & afterward send to the holy Land, to end my yeeres in as many vertues, as I haue spent my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader hearing the resolution of his brother Saladine began to compassionate his sorowes, and not able to smother the sparks of nature with fained secrecie, he burst into these louing speeches. Then know Saladine (quoth hee) that thou hast met with Rosader, who grieues as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feelee the burthen of thy miserie.

Saladine casting vp his eye, and noting well the phisnomie of the Forrester, knew that it was his Brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him. Which hee did in such sort, that he shewed how highly he held reuenge in scoorne. Much adoe there was betweene these two Brethren, Saladine in crauing pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting al former iniuries: the one humble and submisle, the other milde and curteous: Saladine penitent and passionate, Rosader kind and louing, that at length Nature worketh an union of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of their country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his Brother beganne to haue a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humour Rosader conducted him to Gerismouds lodge, and presented his Brother to the King, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. The King
looking

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looking upon Saladine, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of insuing honours, gave him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconciliation, promising such favour as the poverty of his estate might afford, which Saladine gratefully accepted. And so Gerismond fell to question of Torismonds life. Whereupon Saladine briefly discoursed unto him his iniustice and tyrannies: with such modestie (although hee had wronged him) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the young Gentleman.

Many questions passed: but at last, Gerismond beganne with a deepe sigh, to enquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, or his daughter Rosalind. None Sir, quoth Saladine, for since their departure they were never heard of. Injurious fortune, said the King, that to double the fathers miserie, wrongest the daughter with misfortunes. And with that (surcharged with sorowes) hee went into his Cell, and left Saladine and Rosader, whom Rosader straight conducted to the sight of Adam Spencer. Who seeing Saladine in that estate, was in a browne studie: but when he heard the whole matter, although he grieved for the exile of his Master, yet he toyed that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lascivious youth he was proved a vertuous Gentleman.

Looking a long while, and seeing what familiarity passed betwixt them, and what favours were interchanged with brotherly affection, said thus: peantrary, thus it should bee, this was the concord that old Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux wished betwixt you. Now fulfill you those precepts he breathed out at his death, and in observing them looke to live fortunate and die honourable.

Well said Adam Spencer, quoth Rosader, but have any victuall in store for us? A piece of red Deer, quoth he, and a bottle of Wine. His Forresters fare brother, quoth Rosader, and so they sat them downe, and fell to their eates. As soone as they had taken their repast and well dined, Rosader took his brother Saladine by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the Forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that meane estate. Thus for two or three dayes hee walked up and downe with his brother, to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his walke. During which time, hee was greatly missed of his Ganimede, who mused much (with Aliens) what should become of their Forrester. Some while they thought he had taken

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some word unkindly, and had taken the pet: then they imagined some new loue had withdraue his fanſie, or happily he was ſicke, or detained by ſome great buſineſſe of Geriſmonds, or that hee had made a reconcilment to his brother, and ſo returned to Bourdeaux.

Theſe coniectures did they caſt in their heades, but eſpecially Ganimede: who hauing loue in heart proued reſtleſſe, and halfe without patience, that Roſader wronged her with long abſence: for loue meaſures euery minute, and thinks houres to be dayes, and dayes to be moneths, till they ſee the eyes with the ſight of their deſired obiect. Thus perplexed liued poore Ganimede, while on a day ſitting with Aliena in a great dump, ſhe caſt vp her eye, and ſaw where Roſader came pacing towards them with his forreſt Bill on his necke. At which ſight her colour changed, and ſhe ſaid to Aliena, ſee Miſtris where your iolly Forreſter comes. And you are not a little glad (quoth Aliena) your noſe bewrayes what pottage you loue, the wind cannot be tyed within a quarter, the ſunne ſhadowed within a bale, oyle hidden in water, nor loue kept out of a womans lookes: but no more of that, *Lupus eſt in fabula*. As ſoone as Roſader was come within the reach of her tongues end, Aliena began thus. Why how now gentle Forreſter, what minde hath kept you from hence, that being ſo newly married, you haue no more care of your Roſalind, but to abſent your ſelfe ſo many dayes? Are theſe the paſſions you painted out in your Sonnets and Roundelays? I ſee well, hot loue is ſoone cold, & that the fanſie of men is like a looſe feather that wandereſth in the aire with the blaſt of euery winde. You are deceiued Miſtris, quoth Roſader, tis aſ a coppie of unkindneſſe that kept mee hence, in that I being married you carried away the Bride: but if I haue giuen any occaſion of offence, by abſenting my ſelfe three dayes, I humbly ſue for pardon, which you muſt grant of courſe, in that the fault is ſo friendly confeſt with penance. But to tel you the truth, faire Miſtris, and my good Roſalind, my eldeſt brother, by the iniurie of Toriſmond, is baniſhed from Bourdeaux, and by chance hee and I met in the Forreſt. And heere Roſader diſcourſt vnto them what had happened betwixt them: which reconcilment made them glad, eſpecially Ganimede.

But Aliena hearing the tyrannie of her father, grieved inwardly & yet ſmothered all things with ſuch ſecreſie, that the concealing was more ſorrow then the conceit, yet that her eſtate might bee hid ſtill

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He made faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

Fortune that saw how these parties valewed not her Deitie, but held her power in scozne, thought to haue about with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine rascalls that lined by prowling in a forrest, who for feare of the Princesse Martiall, had caues in the groues and thickets, to shroud themselves from his traines: hearing of the beantie of this faire Shepheardesse Aliena, thought to steale her away, and giue her to the King for a present, hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift, to purchase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her, and her page away. Thus resolved, While Aliena and Ganimede were in sad talke, they came rushing in, and laid violent hands on Aliena and her Page, which made them crie out to Rosader, who hauing the valour of his father stamped in his heart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, then any way to be toucht with the least blemish of dishonour, and therefore dealt such blowes among them with his weapon, as hee did witnesse well vpon their carkasses, that hee was no coward. But as, *ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, hauing none to backe him: so that he was, not only battered, but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had bene carried away by the rascalls, had not Fortune (that meant to turne her frowne into fauour) brought Saladine that way by chance, who wandering to finde out his brothers walke encountred this crew, and seeing, not onely a Shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his Brother wounded, he heaued vp a forrest bill he had on his necke, and the first hee strooke, had neuer after moze neere of the phisition, redoubling his blowes with such courage, that the slaues were amazed at his valour.

Rosader seeing his brother so fortunately arriued, and seeing how valiantly he behaued himselfe, though sore wounded, rushed among them, and laid on such loades, that some of the crew were slaine, and the rest fled, leauing Aliena and Ganimede to the possession of Rosader and Saladine.

Aliena, after shee had breathed a while, and was come to her selfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimede was busie, dressing vp the wounds of the forrester: but shee cast her eye vpon this curteous champion, that had made so hot a rescue, and that with such affection, as she begayne to measure euery part of him

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with fauour, and in her selfe, to commend his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resoluteman, that durst assaile such a troope of unbzideled villians. At last gathering his spirits together, he returned vnto him these thankes.

Gentle sir, whatsoeuer you be that haue aduentured your flesh, to relieue our fortunes, and to haue as many hidden vertues as you haue manifest resolutions: Wee poore Shepheards haue no wealth but our flockes, and therefore can we not make requitall with any great treasure, but our recompence is thanks, and faith our rewards to our friends without faining. For ransome therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde of gramercy, as a poore sheheardesse and her page may giue you: with promise (in what we may) neuer to proue ingratfull. For this gentleman that is hurt, yong Rosader, he is our good neighboz and familiar acquaintance, weele pay him with smiles, and feede him with loue looks, and though he be neuer the fatter at the yeares end, yet weele so hamper him, that he shall hold himselfe satisfied.

Saladine hearing this sheheardesse speake so wisely, began more narrowly to pry into her perfection, and to suruay all her linaments with a curious insight: so long dallying in the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent: for Loue that lurked in all these bzoyles to haue a blow or too, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountred them both with such a beny, that the stroke pierit to the heart so deepe, as it could neuer bee raced out. At last, after hee had looked so long till Aliens wart red, hee returned her this answer.

Faire sheheardesse, if fortune graced mee with such good happe, as to doe you any fauour, I hold my selfe as contented, as if I had gotten a greater conquest: for the reliefe of a distressed woman, is the speciall point, that Gentlemen are tyed vnto by honour: seeing then by hazard to rescue your harmes, was rather duty then curtesie, thanks is more then belongs to the requitall of such a fauour. But least I might seeme either coy, or too carelesse of a Gentlewomans proffer, I will take your kinde Gramercy for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Canimede lookt earnestly vpon him, and said. Truly Rosader this Gentleman fauours you much in the feature of your face. No maruaile, quoth he (gentle Swayne) for tis my eldest Brother Saladine. Your brother, quoth

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(quoth Aliena) and with that shee blusht, hee is the more welcome and I hold my selfe the more his debter, and for that he hath in our behalfe done such a piece of seruice, if it please him to doe mee that honour, I wil cal him seruant, and he shall call me mistris. Content swete mistres (quoth Saladine) and when I forget to call you so, I will bee vnmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of loue, quoth Rosader, and giue mee some drinke, for I am passing thirstie, and then will I home, for my wounds bleeds sore, and I will haue them drest. Ganimede had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart, to see Rosader so pained, and therefore stept hastily to the bottle, and filled out some wine in a Bazoz, shee spiced it with such comfortable drugs as shee had about her, and gaue it him, which did comfort Rosader. that rising (with the helpe of his brother) hee tooke his leaue of them, and went to his lodge. Ganimede as soone as they were out of sight, ledde her flocke downe to a vale, and there vnder the shadowe of a Beech tree sate downe and beganne to mourne the misfortunes of her swete heart. And Aliena as a woman passing discontent, seuering her selfe from her Ganimede sitting vnder a Lemmon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her new loue, and to meditate with her selfe on this manner,

Alienas Meditation.

A me, now I see, and sorrowing sigh to see, that Dianes Laurels, are harbourers of Venus Doves, that there trace as well thorow the Latous, wantons, as chaste ones; that Calisto, bee shee neuer so chary, will cast an amorous eye at coming loue: and Diana her selfe will change her shape, but she will honour loue in a shadow that maides eyes, bee they as hard as Diamonds, yet Cupid hath drugs to make them more plyable than ware. See Aliena, how fortune, and loue haue interleagued themselves to bee thy foes, and to make thee their subiect, or else their abiect, haue inueigled thy sight with a most beautifull obiect. Of late thou heldst Venus for a giglet, not a Goddesse, now thou shalt be foorst to sue suppliant to her Deitie. Cupid was a boy, and blind, but alas his eye had aine enough to pierce thee at the heart. While I liued in the Court, I held loue in contempt, and in high seates I had small desire. I knew not affection while I liued in dignitie, now could Venus countercheck mee, as long as my fortune was maiestie, and my thoughts honour: and shall I now bee high in desires, when I am made low by destinie:

Euphues golden Legacie.

I haue heard them say, that loue looks not at low Cottages, that Venus iets in robes, and not in rags, that Cupid flies so high that hee scoynes to touch pouertie with his heele. Tush Alinda, these are but old wiues tales, and neither authenticall precepts, nor infallible principles: for experience tels thee, that peasants haue their passions, as well as the Princes, that Swaines, as they haue their labours, so they haue their amours, and loue lurkes, as soone about a sheepe-coate as a pallace.

Ah Alinda, this day in auoyding a prejudice, thou art fallen into a deeper mischiese, being rescued from the robbers, thou art become captiue to Saladine, and what then: women must loue, or they must cease to liue: and therefore did Nature frame them faire, that they might be subiect to fame. But perhaps Saladines eye is leuel'd on a more seemely saint. If it bee so, beare thy passions with patience. Loue hath wrongd thee that hath not, wrongd him, if hee bee proud in contempt, bee thou rich in content, and rather die than discover any desire: for there is nothing more precious in a woman, than to conceale loue and to die modest. He is sonne and heire of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a youth comely enough. O Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou bene thus discontent: valiant, and that fettered thine eye, wise, else had thou not bin now woon: but for all these vertues, banisht by thy father, & therefore if hee know thy parentage, hee will hate the fruit for the tree, & condemne the yong sien for the old stock. Well, howsoeuer, I must loue: and whomsoeuer I will, and what soeuer betide, Aliena will thinke well of Saladine: suppose hee of mee as hee please. And with that fetching a deepe sigh, shee rose vp, and went to Ganimede, who all this while sate in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader: but now Aliena beganne to comfort her, her selfe being ouergrowne with sorowes, and to recall her from her melancholy with many pleasant persuasions. Ganimede tooke all in the best part, and so they went home together after they had folded their flockes. supping with olde Coridon, who had prouided their cates. Hee after supper, to passe away the night while bed-time, beganne a long discourse. how Moncanus the yong Shepheard that was in loue with Phebe, coulde by no meanes obtaine any fauour at her handes: but stil pained in restless passions: remained a hopelesse and perplexed Louer. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once see that Phebe, is she so faire that

Euphues golden Le ga cic.

that shee thinkes no shepheard worthy of her beauty: or so forward that no loue nor loyalty will content her: or so coy, that she requi-
reth a long time to be wooed, or so foolish she forgets, that like a sop
she must haue a large harvest for a little corne.

I cannot distinguish, said Coridon, of these nice qualities, but
one of these dayes Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you
may see their persons; and note their passions, and then where the
blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure, said Coridon, if all
maides were of her minde, the world would growe to a mad passe,
for there should be much more of wooing, and little wedding, many
words and little worship, much folly, and no faith.

At this sad sentence of Coridon, so sadly brought forth, Aliena smi-
led, and because it waxed late, shee and her Page went to bed, both
of them hauing fleas in their eares to keepe them awake, Ganimede
for the hurt of her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection shee bore to
Saladine. In this discontented humour, they pass away the time, till
falling asleepe, their senses at rest, lone left them to their quiet num-
bers: which were not long, for as soone as Phebus rose from his Au-
rora, and began to mount him in the skie, summoning plow swains
to their handy labour, Aliena rose, and going to the couch where
Ganimede lay, awaked her Page, saying, the morning is farre spent,
the dew small, and time called them away to the foulds. Ah ha, said
Ganimede, is the wind in that doore? When in faith I perceiue there
is no Diamond so hard, but will yeld to the file, no Cedar so
strong but the winde will shake, or no minde so chaste, but loue will
change. Well Aliena must Saladine bee the man, and will it bee a
match: trust mee, hee is faire and valiant, the sonne of a worthe
Knight, whom if hee imitate in perfection, as hee represents him in
proportion, hee is worthy of no lesse than Aliena. But hee is an erile,
what then? I hope my Distris respects the vertues, not the wealth,
and measures the qualities, not the substance.

Those daimes that are like Danae, that like loue in no shape, but in
a sholure of gold, I wish them husbands with much wealth, & little
wit, that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other.
It shoulde (my Aliena) staine the honoz of a shepherds life, to set the
end of passions upon pelfe: Lones eyes looke not so low as gold, there
is no tax to be paid in Cupids Courts, and in elder times (as Cori-
don hath told me) the shepherds loue gifts were Apples, and Ches-
nuts,

Euphues golden Legacie.

ants, and then their desires were loyal, and their thoughts constant. But now,

Querenda pecunia primum post nummos virtus.

And the time is growne to that which Horace in his Satyres wrote on :

— *omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, diuina humanaq; pulchris
Diuitijs parent: quas qui construxerit, ille
Clarus erit, fortis, iustus, sapiens, etiam & rex,
Et quicquid valet.*

But Aliena, let it not bee so with thee in thy fantasies, but respect his faith, and there an end. Aliena hearing Ganimede thus forwarde to further Saladine in his affections, thought thee kist the childe for the nurses sake, and wooed for him, that thee might please. Rosader made this reply.

Why Ganimede, whereof growes this perswasion? Hast thou some loue in my looks, or are mine eyes growne so amorous, that they discover some new entertained fantasies? If thou measurest my thoughts by my countenance, thou maist proue as ill a physiognomer as the Lapidary, that aimes at the secret vertues of the Topaze, by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not knowne by the strakes, nor the Diamond prized by the brightnesse, but by the hardnes. The Carbuncle that shines most, is not euer the most precious: and Apothecaries chuse not flowers for their colours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwaies kalenders of fantasie, nor doe their thoughts and their looks euer agree: For when their eyes are fullest of fauours, then are they most empty of desire: and when they seeme to frowne and disdain, then are they most forwarde to affection. If I bee melancholy, then Ganimede tis not a consequence, that I am intangled with the perfection of Saladine. But seeing fire cannot bee hid in the straw, nor loue kept so couert but it will be spied, what should friends conceale fantasies? I know (my Ganimede) the beauty and valour, the wit & promise of Saladine hath fettered Aliena so farre, as there is no obiect pleasing to her eyes, but the sight of Saladine, and if loue hath done mee iu-

Euphuers golden Legacie.

Since, to wrap his thoughts in the folds of thy face, and that hee is as deeply enamored as I am passionate, I tell thee Ganimede, there shall not be much trowing, for shee is already wonne, and what needs a longer battery? I am glad quoth Ganimede, that it shall bee thus proportioned; you to match with Saladine and I with Rosader, thus haue the destinies fauoured vs with some pleasing aspect, that haue made vs as priuate in our loues, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede start vp, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where vnfoling their flocks they sate them down vnder an Oliue tree, both of them amorous, & yet diuersly affected: Aliena toying in the excellence of Saladine, and Ganimede sorrowing for the wounds of Rosader, not quiet in thought, till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumps, they might espy where Coridon came running towards them, almost out of breath with hast. What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post? Oh mistris (quoth Coridon) you haue a long time desired to see Phoebe the faire shepheardsse, whom Montanus loues, if now so it please you and Ganimede to walke with me to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine, he courting her with his country ditties, and she so coy as if she held lone in disdain.

The newes were so welcome to the two louers, that vp they rose and went with Coridon. As soone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espye where Phoebe sate (the fairest shepheardsse in all Arden, and the frolickest Swaine in the whole Forrest) shee in a petti-coate of Scarlet, couered with a Greene mantle, and to shroude her from the sun a chaplet of Roses, from vnder which appeared a face full of natures excellence, and two such eyes as might haue amated a greater man then Montanus. At gaze vpon this gorgeous Pimphe sate the sheheard, feeding his eyes with her fauours. Wowing with such pitious looks and courting with such deepe strained sighes: as won'd haue made Diana her selfe to haue beene compassionate: at last fixing his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, he sung this mournfull Dittie.

Montanus Sonnet.

A Turtle sate vpon a leauelle tree,
mourning her absent pheare,

L

With

Euphuës golden Legacie.

With sad and sorry cheere
A bout her wondring flood,
The Citizens of wood,
And whilst her plumes she rents,
And for her loue laments:
The stately trees complaine them
And birds with sorrow paine them
Each one that doth her view,
Her paine and sorrowes rue:
But were the sorrowes knowne,
That me hath ouertrowne,
Oh how would *Phæbe* sigh, if she looke on me?

The loue-ficke *Polipheme* that could not see,
Who on the barraine shore,
His fortunes did deplore:
And melteth all in mone,
For *Galatea* gone
And with his cryes,
Afflicts both earth and skyes,
And to his woe betoke?
Doth breake both pype and hooke,
For whom complaines the morne,
For whom the Sea-Nymphs mourne.
Alas his paine is nought:
For were my woe but thought,
Oh how would *Phæbe* sigh, if she did looke on me?

Beyond compare my paine, yet glad am I,
If gentle *Phæbe* daigne, to see her *Montane* die.

After this *Montanus* felt his passions so extreame, that he fell into
this exclamation against the iniustice of Loue.

Helas Tyrant plein de rigueur

Modere un peu ta violence.

Que te sert ai si grande despence?

Cest trop de flammes pour un cœur.

Espargnez en vne est incelle.

Euphues golden Lega cie.

Puis fait ton effort d'esmonoir,
Lafiere qui ne veut point voir,
En quelfeu ie brusle pour elle.
Execute Amour ce dessein,
Et rabaisse ve peu son audace,
Son cœur ne doit estre de glace,
Bien que elle ait de neige le sein.

Montanus ended his Sonnet with such a vollie of sighs, and such a streame of teares, as might haue moued any but Phebe to haue granted him fauour. But shee measuring all his passions with a cog disdaine, and triumphing in the poore Shepheards patheticall humours, smiling at his martyrdomme, as though loue had bene no maladie, scornefully warbled out this Sonnet.

Phoebe Sonnet, a reply to Montanus passion.

Downe a downe,
Thus Phillis sung,
By fanfie once distressed,
Who so by foolish loue are stung,
Are worthily oppressed.
And so sing I, with a downe, downe, &c.
When loue was first begot,
And by the mothers will,
Did fall to humane lot,
His salace to fullfill:
Deuoid of all deceit,
A chaste and holy fire,
Did quicken mans conceit,
And womens breast inspire,
The Gods that saw the good,
That mortals did approue,
With kind and and holy moode,
Began to talke of loue,
Downe a downe.

Thus Phillis sung,
By fanfie once distressed, &c.

Euphrates golden Legacie.

But during this accord,
A wonder strange to heare:
Whilst loue in deed and word,
Most faithfull did appeare,
False semblance came in place,
By ieaiousie attended:
And with a double face,
Both Loue and Fanie blended
Which make the Gods forsake,
And men from fanie flie:
And maidens scorne a make,
Forsooth and so will I,
Downe a downe.

Thus *Phillis* sung,

By fanie once distressed:
Who so by foolish loue are stung
are worthily oppressed,
And so sing I, with downe, a downe, a downe.

Montanus hearing the cruell resolution of *Phoebe*, was so over-
groune with passions, that from amorous ditties, hee fell flat into
these termes. Ah *Phoebe*, said he, whereof art thou made, that thou
regardest not my malady? Am I so hatefull an obiect, that thy eyes
condemne me for an abiect: or so base, that thy desires cannot stoop
so lowe as to lend mee a gracious looke: my passions are many, my
loues more, my thoughts loyalty, and fanie faith: all denoted in
humble deuoir to the seruice of *Phoebe*, and shal I reape no reward
for such fealties? The Swaines daily labours is quit with the eue-
nings hire: the Plowmans toyle is eased with the hope of Corne:
what the Oxe sweates out at the plough, he satteth at the crib: but in
fortunate Montanus hath no salve for his sorrow, nor any hope of re-
compence, for the hazard of his perplexed passions. If (*Phoebe*) time
may pleade the p2cost of my truth since seuen winters haue I loued
faite *Phoebe*: if constancy be a cause to further my suite, Montanus
thoughts haue bixue sealed in the swart of *Phoebe*s excellence, as far
from change as she from loue: if outward passions may discover in-
ward affections, the furrowes in my face may discover the sorrowes
of my heart, and the map of my lookes the griefe of my minde. Thou
seest

Phoebe's golden Legacie.

teares (Phoebe) the teares of dispaire haue made my cheekes full of
foxinckles, & my scalding sighs haue made the aire echo her pittie,
conceiued in my plaints: Philomela hearing my passions, hath left
her mournfull tunes to listen to the discourse of my passions, I haue
portrayed in euery tree the beautie of my Souldier, and the despaires
of my loue. What is it in the woods cannot witness my woes: and
who is it would not pittie my plaints: onely Phoebe: and why: be-
cause I am Montanus, and she Phoebe: I a worthlesse swaine, and
she the most excellent of all faires. Beautifull Phoebe, oh might I
say pittiously, then happy were I, though I tasted but one minute of
that good hap. Heaues Montanus, not by his fortune, but by his
loue, and ballance not his wealth, but his desires, and lend but one
gracious look to cure a heape of disquieted cares: if not, ah if Phoebe
cannot loue, let a storme of strokes end the discontentes of my
thoughts, and so let me perish in my desires, because they are aboue
my deserts, onely at my death this fauour cannot be denied me, that
all shall say, Montanus died for loue of hard hearted Phoebe.

At these words shee shd her face full of frownes, and made him
this short and sharpe reply: Infortunate shepheard, whose loues
are latelesse, because restlesse: are thy passions so extreame that
thou canst not conecale it with patience: Or art thou so folle sick,
that thou must needs beo fancie sick, and in thy affection tyed to
such an exigent, as none serues but Phoebe? Well sir, if your mar-
ket can bee made no where else, home againe, for your mart is at
the fairest.

Phoebe is no lettice for your lips, and her grapes hang too high,
that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet Mon-
tanus, I speake not this in pitee, but in disdain, not that I scorne
thee, but that I hate loue, for I count it as great honour to triumph
ouer fancie as ouer fortune. Kell thee content therefore Montanus,
cease from thy loue, and bittre thy looks, quench the sparkles be-
fore they grow to a further flame, for in louing mee, thou shalt but
die by losse, and what thou utterest in words, are written in the
mind. Well thou Montanus as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector,
as constant as Toylus, as louing as Leander: Phoebe could not
loue, because shee cannot loue at all: and therefore if thou pursue
me with Phoebe, I must see with Daphne.

Gonimede once hearing these passions of Montanus, could

Euphuus golden Legacy.

not broke the crueltie of Phebe, but starting from behinde the bush, said: And if (damsell) you fled from me, I would transforme you, as Daphne to a Bay, and then in contempt, trample your branches under my feet. Phebe at this suddaine reply was amazed, especially when shee saw so faire a Swaine as Ganymede: blushing therefore she would have bene gone, but that hee held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus. What Shepheardesse, faire and so cruel, disdain becomes not cottages, nor coynewe maides: for either they be condemned to bee too proude or too forward. Take heed faire Nymph, that in despising loue, you be not ouer-reached with loue, and in shaking off all, shape your selfe to your owne shadow, and so with Narcissus proue passionate, & yet vnpytied. Oft haue I heard, & sometimes haue seene high disdain turned to hot desires. Because thou art beautifull, bee not so coy: as there is nothing more faire, so is there nothing more fading; as momentanie as the shadowes that grow from a cloudy Sunne. Such, my faire Shepheardesse, as disdain in youth, desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter that might haue been loued in the prime. A wrinckled maide is like a parched Rose, that is cast vp in Coffers to please the sight, not worne in the hand to content the eye, there is no folly in loue, had I will, and therefore be ruled by me, loue while thou art young, least thou be disdained when thou art old. Beauty nor time cannot be recalled, and if thou loue, like of Montanus; for as his desires are many, so his defects are great.

Phebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganymede, deeply enamoured of his perfection, as Montanus enueagled with hers, for her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that shee thought the ghost of Adonis had bene leapt from Elishum, in the shape of a Swaine. When shee blushed at her owne folly, to looke so long on a stranger, shee mildely made answer to Ganymede thus: I cannot denie Sir, but I haue heard of loue, though I neuer felt loue; and haue read of such Goddes as Venus, though I neuer saw any but her picture; and perhaps, and with that shee wart red and bashfull, and withall, went: to which Ganymede perceiving, commended in her selfe the bashfulness of the maide, and desired her to goe forward. And perhaps Sir, quoth shee, mine eye hath bene more prodigall to day than ever before: and with that shee stayed againe, as one greatly passionate and per-

Euphues golden Legacie.

plered. Aliena seeing the Ware through the maze, bade her forwarde with her prattle: but in vaine, for at this abrupt period she brake off and with her eyes full of teares, and her face couered with a vermillion die, she sate doونه and sighed. Whereupon Aliena, and Ganimede, seeing the shepheardesse in such a strange plight, left Phebe with her Montanus, wishing her friendly, that she would be more pliant to loue, least in penance Venus ioynd to her some sharpe penance. Phebe made no reply, but fetcht such a sigh, that Echo made relation of her plaint: giuing Ganimede such an adieu with a piercing glance, that the amorous girl boy perceined Phebe was pincht by the heels.

But leauing Phebe to the folly of her new fancie, and Montanus to attend vpon her: to Saladine, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena, in so much that he framed a sweete concerted Sonnet to content his humors, which he put in his bosome: being requested by his brother Rosader to goe to Aliena and Ganimede, to signifie vnto them, that his wounds were not dangerous. A more happie message could not happen to Saladine, that taking his Forrest bill on his necke, he trudge in all hast towards the plaines, where Alienas flocke did feede: comming in to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phebe. Fortune so conduced this iolly Forrester that hee encountred them and Coridon, whom hee presently saluted on this manner.

Faire shepheardesse, and too faire, vnlesse your beauty be tempered with curtesie, & the lineaments of the face graced with the lowliness of minde: as many good fortunes to you and your page as your selues can desire and imagin. My brother Rosader (in the griefe of his green wounds) stil mind full of his friend, hath sent me vnto you with a kind salute, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holds the parties precious, in whose defence he receiued his preiudice. The report of your welfare, will be a great comfort to his distempred body, and distressed thoughts, and therefore sent me with a strict charge to visite you.

And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome, in that you are messenger from so kind a Gentleman, whose paines we compassionate with as great sorrow, as hee brookes them with griefe: and his wounds breede in vs as many passions, as in him extremities: so that what disquiet hee feels in body, we partake in heart.

Wishing

Euphues golden Legacie.

Wishing (if we might) that our miſhap might ſalve his maladie. But ſeeing our wiſhes yeld him little eaſe, our orizons are neuer idle to the Gods for his recouerie, I pray you (quoth Ganimede) with teares in his eyes, when the Surgeon ſearcht him, held her his wounds dangerous? Dangerous (quoth Saladine) but not mortall, and the ſooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines: whereupon my Brother hopes within theſe ſeuen dayes to walke abroad and viſite you himſelfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganimede) ſay his Roſalind commendeth her unto him, and bids him bee of good cheere. I know not (quoth Saladine) who that Roſalind is, but whatſoeuer ſhe is, her name is neuer out of his mouth: but amidſt the deepeſt of his paſſions, he bleſſeth Roſalind as a charme to appeaſe all ſorowes with patience. Inſomuch that I coniecture my brother is in loue with ſome Paragon that holds his heart perplexed whole name hee oft records with ſighes, ſometimes with teares, ſtraight with ioy, then with ſmiles: as if in one perſon loue had lodged a Chaos of confuſed paſſions. Wherein I haue noted the variable diſpoſition of fancy, that like the Polype in colours, ſo it changeth in ſundrie humors, being as it ſhould ſeeme, a combat mixt with diſquiet, and a bitter pleaſure inapt in a ſweet preiudice, like to the Sinople tree, whole bloſſomes delight the ſmell, and whole fruit inſect the taſte.

By my faith (quoth Aliena) ſir, you are deeply read in loue, or growes your insight into affection by experience? Whoſoeuer, undoubtedly it ſeemeth you are a great Philoſopher in Venus principles, els could you not diſcouer our ſecret Aphoriſmes. But ſir, our Country amours are not like your courtly fancies, nor is our wooing like your ſuing: for poore ſhepheards neuer plaine them, til loue paines them, where the Courtiers eye is full of Compaſſion, when his heart is moſt free from affection: They court to diſcouer their eloquence, wee woo to eaſe our ſorowes: euerie faire face with them muſt haue a new fancie, ſealed with a fore finger kiſſe, and a ſweet fetcht ſigh: wee haere loue one, and liue to that one, ſo long as life can maintaine Loue, holding ſeue ceremonies, becauſe wee know ſeue ſubtilties, and little eliquence for that we lightly account of flatterie: onely Faith and Troth, that is ſhepheards wooing: and ſir, how like you of this? So (quoth Saladine) as I could tye my ſelfe to ſuch loue. What, and looke ſo low as a ſhepheardeſſe, bearing

Euphues golden Legacie.

The sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, such desires were a disgrace to your honour, and with that surueying exquisitely every part of him, as uttering all these words in a deepe passion, shee slyed the paper in his bosome, whereupon groweing iealous that it was some amorous Sonnet, shee suddainly snatcht it out of his bosome, and asked if it were any secret: shee was bashfull, and Saladine blusht, which shee perceiuing, said: Nay then Sir, if you were red, my life for yours tis some loue-matter: He see your Mistris name, her praises, and your passions. And with that shee lookt on it, which was written to this effect.

Saladines Sonnet.

If it be true that heauens eternall course,
With restlesse sway, and ceaselesse turning glides:
If aire inconstant be, and swelling soure,
Turnes and returnes with many fluent tides:
If earth in winter, summers pride estrange,
And nature seemeth onely faire in change.

If it be true that our immortall spright,
Deriu'd from heavenly pure, in wandring still,
In nouelty and strangenesse doth delight,
And by discouering power discerneth ill.
And if the body for to worke his best,
Doth with the seasons change his place of rest.

Whence comes it that inforst by furious skies,
I change both place and soyle, but not my heart,
Yet salue not in this change my maladies?
Whence growes it that each object workes my smart?
Alas I see my faith procures my misse,
And change in loue against my nature is.

Et floridapungent.

Alinda hauing read ouer the Sonnet, beganne thus pleasantly to descant vpon it. I see Saladine (quoth shee) that as the Sunne is no Sonne without his brightnesse, nor the Diamond accounted for precious, vlesse it be hard: so men are no men vlesse they bee in loue:

Euphues golden Legacie.

loue: and their honors are measured by their amours, not their labours; counting it more commendable for a Gentleman to be full of fanſie, than full of vertue. I had thought,

Omnis ſi collas, periere Cupidinis arcus.

Contemptaq; iacent & ſine luce faces.

But I ſee Ouids axiome is not authentickall, for euen labour hath her loues, & extremitie is no Pumice ſtone to raze out fanſie. Your ſelfe exiled from your wealth, friends, and Countrey, by Toriſmond, (ſorowes enough to ſuppreſſe affection) yet amidſt the depth of theſe extremities, loue will be Lord, and ſhew his power to be more predominant than fortune: but I pray you ſit (if without offence I may craue it) are they ſome new thoughts, or ſome old deſires? Saladine that now ſaw opportunitie pleaſant, thought to ſtrike while the iron was hot, and therefore taking Alinda by the hand, ſate downe by her: and Ganimede to giue them leaue to their loues, found her ſelfe buſie about the ſolds, while Saladine fell into this prattle with Alinda.

Faire Miſtris, if I be blunt in diſcouering my affection, and vſe little eloquence in leuelling out my loues, I appeale for pardon to your owne principles, that ſay, Shepheards vſe no ceremonies, for that they acquaint themſelues with few ſubtilties: to frame my ſelfe therefore to your Countrey faſhion, with much faith and little flatterie: know beautifull Shepheardeſſe, that whileſt I lived in the Court, I knew not Iones cumber, but I held affection as a toy; not as a maladie: vſing fanſie as the Hyperborei doe their flowers which they weare in their boſome all day, and caſt them into the fire for fuel at night. I liked all, becauſe I loued none, and who was moſt faire, on her I ſet mine eye, but as charily as the Bee, that as ſoone as ſhee hath ſuckt Honie from the Roſe, ſtraight ſlieth to the next Marigold. Living thus at mine owne liſt, I wondered at ſuch as were in loue, and when I read their paſſions, I tooke them onely for Poems, that ſlowe from the quickneſſe of their wit, not the ſorowes of their heart: But now, faire Pymph, ſince I became a Forreſter, Lone hath taught mee ſuch a leſſon, that I muſt confeſſe his deitſy and dignity, as there is nothing ſo precious as beauty, ſo there is nothing more piercing than Fanſie. For ſince firſt I arrived in this place, and mine eye tooke a curious ſuruey of your excellence, I haue bene, ſo fettered with your beauty and vertue, as (ſweete Alinda) Saladine without further circumſtance

loues.

Euphues golden Legacie.

loues Alinda. I could paint out my desires with long ambages: but seeing in many words lies mistrust, and that truth is ever naked, let this suffice for countrey wooing, Saladin loues Alinda, and none but Alinda. Although these words were most heavenly harmony in the eares of the Shepheardesse, yet to seeme coy at the first courting, and to disdaine loue howsoeuer shee desired loue, shee made this reply.

Oh Saladin, though I seeme simple, yet am I more subtle than to swallow the hook because it hath a painted baite: as men are wise, so women are wary, specially if they haue that wit, by others harmes to beware. Doe we not know, Saladin that mens tongues are like Mercuries pipe, that can inchant Argus with an hundred eyes; and their words are as preiudiciall as the charmes of Circes, that transforme men into monsters? If such Syrens sing, wee poore women had need stop our eares, least in hearing, we prone so foolishly hardy, as to beleue them and so perish in trusting much, and suspecting little, Saladin *Pisces et illos sapit*, hee that hath bene once paysoned, and after wards feares not to bolue of euery potion, is worthy to suffer double penance. Giue mee leaue then to mistrust, though I doe not condemne. Saladin is now in loue with Alinda, he a Gentleman of great parentage, shee a Shepheardesse of meane parents: hee honorable, and shee poore: can loue consist of contraries? Will the fablon pearch with the kistrell, the lion barboz with the wolfe: will Venus ioyne robes and rags together: or can there bee a sympathe betweene a king and a begger?

Then Saladin, how can I beleue thee, that I should vntie our thoughts, when fortune hath set such a difference betweene our degrees? But suppose thou likest of Alindas beautie, men in their familie resemble the waspe, which scoynes that flower from which she hath fetcht her ware: playing like the inhabitants of the Island Teneriffa, who when they haue gathered the sweet spices, vse the Trees so felwell: so men, hauing glotted themselves with the faire of womens faces, hold them for necessary evils: and wearied with that which they seemed so much to loue, cast away fantasye, as children doe their rattles: and loathing that which so deeply before they liked, especially such as take loue in a minute, and haue their eyes attractiue like Iet, apt to entertaine any obiect, are as ready to let it slip againe. Saladin hearing how Alinda harpt still on

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one string, which was the doubt of mens constancie, he brake off her sharpe inuective thus.

I grant Alinda (quoth he) many men haue done amisse, in prouing some ripe, and some rotten; but particular instances infer no general conclusions: & therefore I hope, what others haue faulted in, shall not preiudice my fauors. I will not vse sophistry to confirme my loue, for that is subtiltie: nor long discourses lest my words might be thought more than my faith: but if this will suffice, that by the honor of a Gentleman I loue Alinda: and would Alinda not to crop the bl ossomes, & reiect the tree, but to consummate my faithfull desires, in the honorable end of marriage.

At this word marriage, Alinda stood in a maze what to answer: fearing if she were too coy, to driue him away with her disdain; if she was too courteous, to discouer the heate of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to doe, at last this she said: Saladine, euer since I saw thee, I fauored thee, I cannot dissemble my desires, because I see thou doest faithfully manifest thy thoughts, and in liking thee, I loue thee, so farre as mine honor holdes fauor still in suspence but if I knew thee as vertuous as thy father, or as well qualified as thy brother Rosader, the doubt should be quickly decided: but for this time to giue thee an answer, assure thy selfe thus, I will either marrie with Saladine, or still liue a virgin, & with this they strained one anothers hand. Which Ganimede espying, thinking hee had his mistris long enough at thrist, said: what, a match or no? A match (said Alinda) or else it were an ill market. I am glad (said Ganimede) I would Rosader were here to make up the melle. Well remembred (said Saladine) I forgot, I left my brother Rosader alone, therefore, leaue being solitarie hee should increase his sorowes: I will haste mee to him. May it please you then to command me any seruice to him, I am ready to be a dutifull messenger. Quely at this time commend me vnto him (quoth Alinda) and tell him though we cannot pleasure him, wee pray for him. And forget not (quoth Ganimede) my commendations: but say to him that Rosalind, sheds as many teares from her heart, as hee drops blood from his wounds; for the sorrow of his misfortunes, feathering all her thoughts with disquiet, till his welfare procures her content: say this (quoth Saladine) and so farewell. Hee hauing his message, gaue a courteous adieu to them both, especially to Alinda: and so playing loath

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to depart, went to his brother. 1141 208 7 305 23 of 1017 7608 130

But Alinda perplexed, and yet ioyfull, past away the day pleasantly, still praising the perfection of Saladin, not ceasing to chat of her new loue, till euening drew on, then they folding their sheets, went home to bed. Where we leaue them, and returne to Phebe. Phebe fired with the vncontroll'd flame of loue, returned to her fathers house, gauged with restlesse passions, as now she beganne to know ledge, there was no flower so fresh, but might be parched with the sunne: no tree so strong, but might be shaken with a storme, so there was no thought so chaste, but time armed with loue, could make amorous: for shee that held Diana for the Goddess, for her deuotion, was now faine to flie to the altar of Venus, as suppliant now with prayers, as she was forward afore with disdain. As shee lay in her bed, shee called to minde the severall beauties of young Ganymede, first his locks: which being amber hued, passeth the breath Phœbus puts on, to make his front glorious: his browe Iuonie, was like the seate where loue and maiesty sits in throned, to inchaunce fancy: his eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heauen, darting forth frownes with disdain, and smiles with fauour, lightning such looks as would inflame desire, were the inapt in circle of the frozen Zone: in his cheekes the vermilion tincture of the Rose flourish'd up on naturall Alabaſter, the bluish of the moone & Lunas silver shew were so lively portrayed, that the Trojan that flie out wine to Iupiter, was not halfe so beautiful, his face was full of pleasure, and the rest of his lineaments proportioned with such excellence, as Phebe was fettered in the sweetnesse of his feature. The Idea of these perfections tumbling in her minde, made the poore shephardesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempered with intollerable paines, and yet a disquiet mixt with a content, shee rather wist to dye than to liue in this amorous anguish. Nothing is little worth in such extreames, and therefore was shee forced to pine in her maladie, without any salve for her sorrowes: reueale it she durst not, as daring in such matters to make none her secretary: and to conceale it, why it doubled her grieve: for as fire suppress, growes to the greater flame, and the current stoppt, to the more violent streame, so loue smothered wrings the heart with deeper passions. 1141 208 7 305 23 of 1017 7608 130

Perplexed thus with sundrie agonies, her soules beganne to faile, and the disquiet of her minde beganne to worke a distemperance of

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her body, that to be short, Phebe fell extreame sick, and so sick, as there was (almost) left no recoverie of her health. Her father seeing his faire Phebe thus distressed, sent for his friends, who sought by medicine, to cure, and by counsaile to pacifie, but all in vaine: for although her bodie was feeble through long fasting, yet shee, *magis agrotavit animo quam corpore.* Which her friends perceived, and sorrowed at, but saue if they could not.

The newes of her sicknesse was bruted abroad through all the Forrest, which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but he like a man, came to visit Phebe: where sitting by her bed side, hee beganne his exordium with many teares and sighs, that shee perceyuing the extremitie of his sorowes, beganne now as a Louer to pittie them, though Ganymede held her from redressing them. Montanus craved to know the cause of her sicknesse, tempered with secret plaints, but shee answered him and the rest with silence, hauing still the forme of Ganymede in her minde, and coniecturing how shee might reueale her loues. To utter them in wordes shee found her selfe too bashfull: to discourse by any friend, shee would not trust any in her amours: to remaine thus perplexed still, and conceale all, it was a double death: whereupon for her last refuge, shee resolved to write to Ganymede, and therefore desired Montanus to absent himselfe a while, but not to depart, for shee would see if shee could steale a nap. Hee was no sooner gone out of her chamber, but reaching her standish, shee tooke pen and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect:

Phebe to Ganymede, wisheth that shee wants her selfe.

Faire shepheard (therefore is Phebe unfortunate, because thou art faire) although hitherto mine eyes were Adamants, to resist loue, yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became amorous, to entertaine loue, more deuoted to fancie, than before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to the one by nature, by nature to thee by beautie: which being rare and made more excellent by many vertues, hath so snared the freedome of Phebe, as shee rests at thy mercy, either to bee made the most fortunate of all Maidens, or the most miserable of all women. Measure not Ganymede my loues by my wealth, nor my desires by my degree: but thinke my thought as full

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full of faith, as thy face of amiable fauours. When, as thou knowest thy selfe most beautifull suppose mee most constant. If thou feare me hard hearted, because I hated Montanus, thinke I was forst to it by Fate. If thou sayst I am kind hearted, because so lightly I loued thee at the first looke, thinke I was diuined to it by Destinie, whose influence, as it is mighty, so it is not to be resisted. If my fortunes were any thing but infortunate loue, I would strine with Fortune: but he that wrestles against the will of Venus, seeks to quench fire with oyle, and to thrust out one thorne by putting in another. If Ganimede, loue enters at the eye, it harbours in the heart, and will neither be diuined out with physicke, nor reason: pittie me, as one whose maladie hath no salue, but from thy sweet selfe, whose grieve hath no ease but through thy grant: and thinke I am a virgin who is deeply wronged when I am forst to loue, and coniecture I loue to be strong, that is more forcible than Nature. Thus distressed, vlesse by thee eased, I expect either to liue fortunately by thy fauour, or die miserably by thy deniall. *Living in hope, Farewell.*

She that must be thine:

or not all, *Phoebe.*

To this Letter shee annexed this Sonnet.

Sonetto.

My Boat doth passe the streights,

Of Seas incensd with fire,

Fild with forgetfulnesse,

Amidst the winters night:

A blind and carelesse boy,

(Brought vp by fond desire)

Doth guide me in the sea,

Of sorrow and despight.

For euery oare he sets,

A ranke of foolish thoughts,

And cuts (in stead of waue)

A hope without distresse.

The winds of my deepe sighs,

(That thunder still for nought)

Haue split my sailes with feare,

with care and heauinesse.

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A mighty stormes of teares.
A blacke and hideous cloude,
A thousand fierce disdaines,
Doe slacke the halcyards oft,
Till ignorance doe pull,
And errour haile the shroude,
No starre for safety shines,
No *Phebe* from aloft.
Time hath subdued Art, and Ioy is slaue to Woe,
Alas (Loue guide) be kind, what shall I perish so?

This Letter and the Sonnet being ended, shee could finde no messenger to send it by, and therefore shee called Montanus, and entreated him to carrie it to Ganimede. Although poore Montanus saw day at a little hole, and did perceiue what passion pinched her, yet (that he might, seeme dutiful to his Mistress in all her service) he dissembled the matter, and became a willing messenger of his olme martyrdome, & so (taking the letter) went the next morne very early to the plaines where Alinda fed her flocks, and there he found Ganimede sitting vnder a Pomgranate tree, sorrowing for the hard fortunes of her Rosader. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge, deliuered Ganimede the Letters, which (he said) came from *Phebe*. At this the wanton blusht, and being abash't to thinke what newes should come from an unknowne shepheardesse: but taking the Letters, vnipt the seales, and read ouer the discourse of *Phebes* fantasies. When she had read and ouer-read them, Ganimede began to smile, and looking on Montanus, fell into a great laughter, and with that called Alinda, to whom she shew'd the writings, who hauing perused them, conceited them very pleasantly, and smiled to see how loue had yoked her, who before would not stoop to the lure. Alinda whispering Ganimede in the eare, and saying: Knew *Phebe* what want there were in thee to performe her will, and how unskillfull kind is to be kinde to her, she would be more wise, and lesse enamoured: but leauing that, I pray thee let vs sport with this staine.
At this word Ganimede turning to Montanus, began to glance at him thus. I pray thee tell mee Shepheard by those sweet thoughts and pleasing sighs that grow from thy Mistress fauours, art thou in loue with *Phebe*? Oh my youth, quoth Montanus, were *Phebe*

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so far in loue with me, my flocks would be more fat, and their Ma-
ster more quiet: for through the sorrowes of my discontent, growes
the leanesse of my sheepe. Alas poore swaine, quoth Ganimede, are
thy passions so extreame, or thy fancy so resolute, that no reason will
blemish the pride of thy affection, and race out that which thou striv-
est for without hope? Nothing can make me forget Phoebe, whilst
Montanus forget himselfe: for those characters true loue hath stamp-
ed, neither the enuie of time, nor fortune can wipe away. But Mon-
tanus, quoth Ganimede, enter with a deepe insight into the dispaire
of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies: for
(poore man) thy progresse in loue, is a regresse to losse, swimming a-
gainst the streame with the crab, and flying with Apis Indica against
winde and weather. Thou seekest with Phcebus to win Daphne, and
she flies faster than thou canst follow: thy desires soare with the hob-
by, but her disdain reacheth higher than thou canst make wings. I
tel thee Montanus, in courting Phoebe, thou barkest with the wolues
of Syria against the moone, & rouest at such a mark with thy thoughts,
as it is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to loue when loue is pit-
tleffe, and thy maladie remediles. For prooofe, Montanus, read these
Letters wherein thou shalt see thy great follies, and little hope.

With that Montanus tooke them and perused them, but with such
sorrow in his looks, as they bewrayed a sorow of confused passions
in his heart: at euery line his colour changed, and euery sentence
was ended with a period of sighs.

At last, noting Phcebes extreame desire towards Ganimede, and
her disdain towards him, giuing Ganimede the Letter, the Shep-
heard stood as though hee had neither wonne nor lost. Which Gani-
mede perceiuing, waked him out of his dreame, thus: now Monta-
nus dost thou see, thou dovest great seruice, and obtainest but little
reward: but in lieu of thy loyalty, shee makes thee as Bellephoron,
carry thine owne bane. When drinke not willingly of that potion
wherein thou knowest is poyson, creepe not to her that cares not for
thee. What Montanus there are many as faire as Phoebe, but most of
all more curteous than Phoebe. I tell thee shepheard, fauour is loues
fewell: then since thou canst not get that, let the flame vanish into
smoake, and rather sorrow for a while, then repent thee for ever. I
tel thee Ganimede, quoth Montanus, as they which are stung with
the Scorpion, cannot be recovered but by the Scorpion, nor hee that
was

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was wounded with Achillis lance, be cured but with the same truncheon: Apollo was faine to cry out, that loue onely was eased with loue, and fancie healed by no medicine but fauour: Phcebus had hearbs to heale all hurts but this passion: Circes had charmes, for all chances but for affection: and Mercurie subtill reasons to refel all griefes but loue. Perswasions are bootles: reasons lend no remedy, counsell no comfort, to such whom fancie hath made resolute: and therefore though Phoebe loues Ganimede, yet Montanus must honor none but Phcebe.

Thus quoth Ganimede, may I rightly terme thee a despairing lover, that liuest with ioy, and louest without hope: but what shall I doe Montanus to pleasure thee? shall I disdain Phcebe as shee disdaines thee? Oh (quoth Montanus) that were to renue my griefe, and double my sorrowes: for the sight of her discontent were the censure of death, Alas Ganimede though I perish in my thoughts, let not her in her desires. Of all passions loue is most impatient, then let not so faire a creature as Phcebe sinke vnder the burthen of so deepe distresse. Being loue sicke, shee is proued heart sicke, and all for the beautie of Ganim. Thy proportion hath intangled her affections, and shee is snared in the beauty of thy excellence. When sith she loues thee so deere, dislike not her deadly. Is thou paramour to such a paragon, she hath beauty to please thine eye, & stocks to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more than thou shalt winne by her: for shee is beautiful, vertuous, and wealthy, thee deepe perswasions to make loue frolike. Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the hayre, and pleade that Ganimede ought to loue Phcebe, answered him thus. Why Montanus doest thou further this motion: seeing if Ganimede marry Phebe thy market is cleane marred,

Oh mistris (quoth hee) so hath loue taught mee to honour Phcebe, that I would preiudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despatre, rather than shee should perish for want. It shall suffice me to see her contented, and to feede mine eye on her fauour. If she marry, though it be my Partydom: yet if she be pleased, I le brook it with patience, and triumph in mine owne starres to see her desires satisfied. Therefore if Ganimede be as curteous as he is beautifull, let him shew his vertues in redressing Phebes mieries. And this Montanus pronouncst with such an assured countenance, that it amazed Aliena, and Ganimede to see the resolutions of his loues, for that they pittied his

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his passions, and commended his patience, deuising how they might by any subtilty, get Montanus Phebes fauour. Straight (as womens heads are full of wiles) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phebe to fancy the Shepheard, malgrado the resolution of her minde, he prosecuted his policie thus. Montanus, quoth hee, seeing phebe is so forlorne, lest I might bee counted unkinde, in not saluting so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phebe, and there heare her selfe in word utter, that she hath discoursed with her pen, and then, as loue wils me, I will set downe my censure. I will home to our house, and send Coridon to accompany Aliena. Montanus seemed glad of his determination, and away they goe towards the house of phebe. When they drew neere to the cottage Montanus ran before, and went in and told Phebe, that Ganimede was at the doore. This word (Ganimede) sounding in the eares of Phebe, drew her into such an extasie for ioy, that rising vp in her bed, shee was halfe reuiued, and hee wanne colour began to waere red: and with that came Ganimede in, who saluted Phebe with such a curteous looke, that it was halfe a salue to her sorowes: sitting him downe by her bed side he questioned about her disease, and where the paine chiefly held her. Phebe looking as louely on Venus in her night-geere, tainting her face with a ruddy blush as Clitidid when shee betwixt her loues to Phoebus, taking Ganimede by the hand, said thus: Faire Shepheard, if loue were not more strong than nature, of fanisie the sharpest extreame, my immodestie were the more, and thy vertues the lesse: for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their hearts full of feare, and their tongues full of silence: but loue, that imperious loue, where his power is predominant, there he peruerteth all, and weauesth the wealth of nature to his owne will: an instance in my selfe, faire Ganimede, for such a fire hath he kindled in my thoughts, that to finde ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of modestie, and seeke the salue at thy hands for my harmes: blame not if I be over-bold, for it is thy beauty, and if I be too forward, it is fanisie, and the deepe insight into thy vertues that doe make mee thus fond. For, let me say in a word what may bee containned in a volume, Phebe loues Ganimede: at this shee held downe her head, and wept, and Ganimede rose, as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers, made this reply. Later not thy plants, Phebe, for I doe pitie thy plaints, nor seeke not to

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discouer thy loues in teares: for I coniecture thy truth by thy passions: for row is no salue for louers, nor sighes no remedy for affection. Therefore frolike Phoebe, for if Ganimede can cure thee, doubt not of recouery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it grieved me to thwart Montanus in his fantasies, seeing his desires haue beene so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall: but thou alleagest that thou art forget from him by fate, so I tell thee Phoebe, either some star, or some destinie fits my minde, rather with Adonis, to die in chase, than be counted a wanton on Venus knees. Though I pitie thy martyrdome, yet cannot I grant marriage, for though I hold thee faire, yet mine eye is not fettered: loue growes not like the herbe Spartanna to his perfection in one night, but creeps with the snail, and yet at last, attaines to the top, *Festina lente*. especially in loue, for momentany fantasies are oftentimes the fruits of follies: If (Phoebe) I should like thee as the Heperborei doe their dates, which banquet with them in the morning, and throw them away at night, my folly should be great, and thy repentance more. Therefore I will haue time to turne my thoughts, and my loue shall grow up as the watercresses, slowly, but with a deepe roote. Thus Phoebe thou maist see I disdaine not, though I desire not, remaining indifferent, til time & loue make me resolute. Therefore phoebe, seeke not to suppress affection, and with the loue of Montanus, quench the remembrance of Ganimede: Striue thou to hate me, as I seek to like of thee, & euer haue the duties of Montanus in thy mind, for well maist thou haue eue more wealthie, but not more loyall. These words were contrary to the perplexed Phoebe, that sobbing out sighs, and straining out teares, she blubbered out these words.

And shall I then haue no salue of Ganimede, but suspence, no hope, but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but be posted off to the will of time? Just haue the Gods ballanced my fortunes, who being cruell to Montanus, found Ganimede as vnkind to my selfe: so inforcing him to perish for loue, I shall die my selfe, with ouermuch loue. I am glad, quoth Ganimede, you looke into your owne faults, and see where your shew wrongs you, measuring now the paines of Montanus, by your owne passions. True quoth Phoebe, and so deeply I repent me of my forwardnesse toward the Shepheard, that could I cease to loue Ganimede, I would resolve to loue Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phoebe to mislike of Ganimede,

Euphues golden Legacie.

Ganimede, will she then fauour Montanus? When reason, quoth she, doth quench that loue that I doe owe to thee, then will I fancy him: conditionally, that if my loues can be suppress with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will onely wed himsele to Phoebe. I grant it, faire shepheardesse, quoth he, and to feed thee with the sweetness of hope, this resolute on: I will neuer marry my selfe to woman, but to thy selfe: and with that Ganimede gaue Phoebe a fruitlesse kisse, and such words of comfort, that before Ganimede departed, shee rose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus as good cheere as could be found in such a country Cottage, Ganimede in midst of this banquet, rehearsing the promises of either, in Montanus fauour, which highly pleased the shepheard. Thus all three content, and soothed vp in hope, Ganimede tooke his leaue of Phoebe, and departed leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. But poore Ganimede, who had her thoughts on Rosader, calling to remembrance his wounds filld her eyes full of teares, and her heart full of sorrowes, plodded to finde Aliena at the folds, thinking with her presence to drine away her passions. As shee came on the plaines, she might espie where Rosader and Saladine sate with Aliena vnder the shade: which sight was a salve to her grieffe, and such a cordiall vnto her heart, that she tript among the lawnes full of ioy. At last, Coridon who was with them, spied Ganimede: with that the cloone rose, and running to meete him, cried, O sirra, a match, a match, our Mistris shall be married on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frolikt it before Ganimede, who coming to the crue, saluted them all, & especially Rosader, saying, that he was glad to see him so well recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroad so soone, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which on Sunday next must be solemnized, betwixt my brother and Aliena. I see well where loue leades, delay is lothsome, and what small wooing serues where both parties are willing. True, quoth Ganimede, but what a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalinde? Ah good Ganimede, quoth hee, by naming Rosalind, renew not my sorrowes for the thought of her perfections, is the thrall of my miseries. Tush, be of good cheere man, quoth Ganimede, I haue a friend that is deeply experienced in negromancy and magicke, what Art can doe, shall bee acted for thine aduantage. I will cause to bring in Rosalind, if either France, or any bordering Nation harbour

her, and vpon that take the faith of a young shepheard, Aliena smiled to see how Rosader frowned, thinking that Gerismond had iested with him. But breaking off from those matters, the Page somewhat pleasant, began to discourse vnto them what had passed betwene him & Phebe: which as they laught, so they wondred withall, confessing that there is none so chaste, but loue will change. Thus they pass away the day in chat, and when the Sunne began to set, they tooke their leaues, and departed. Aliena providing for their marriage day, such solempne cheere and handsome robes as fitted their Country state, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond as a guest. Ganimede, who then meant to discover her selfe befoze her father, had made her a gowne of greene, and a kirtle of the finest sendall, in such sort, that she seemed some heauenly Nymph, harboured in Country attire.

Saladine was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader vnmindfull to bid guests, inuiting Gerismond and his followers to the feast: who gladly granted, so that there was nothing but the day wanting to his marriage. In the meane time Phebe being a bidden guest, made her selfe as gorgeous as might please the eye of Ganimede: and Montanus suted himselfe with the cost of many of his flocks, to be gallant against that day: for then was Ganimede to giue Phebe answer of her loues: and Montanus, either to heare the doome of his miserie, or the censure of his happinesse: but as this geere was a biewing, Phebe pass not a day without visiting her Ganimede, so was she wrapt in the beautie of this louely Swaine. much prattle they had, and discours of many passions. Phoebe wisht for the day (as she thought) of her welfare. Ganimede smiling to thinke what vnerpected events would fall out at the wedding. In these humours passed the weeke, that at last Sunday came.

So sooner did Phæbus hench-man appeare in the skie, to giue warning that his masters horses should be trapped in his glorious Coach. Coridon in his holiday sute, maruellous seemely, in a russet Jacket welted with the same, and faced with red worsted, hauing a paire of chamblet sleeves, bound at the wrists with foure yellow laces, closed afore very richly with a dozen of pewter buttons, his hose were of grey kersey, with a large flop, garded ouerthwart the pocketholes with three faire gards, sticht of either side with red threed: his stocke was of the own, sewed close to his breech, and

Euphues golden Legacie.

and for to beautify his hose, he had trust himselfe round with a dozen of new threden points of medley colour: his bonnet græne, whereon stood a copped brooch with the picture of S. Denis: and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old dayes, hee had a faire shirt-band of fine Locheram, whipt ouer with Couentry blew of no small cost. Thus attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, & had shrowded all the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Floræes choice bowers than any Country Cottage.

Whither repaired Phoebe with all the maides of the Forrest, to set out the bride in the most seemliest sort that might bee, but howsoever she helpt to prank out Aliena, yet her eye was still on Ganimede who was so neate in a suite of gray, that hee seemed Endimion when he won Luna with his looks, or Paris when hee plaid the Swaine to get the beauty of the Simph Oenone, Ganimede like a pretty page waited on his Mistris Aliena: & ouerlookt that all was in readines against the bridegrome should come. Who attired in a Forresters suite, came accompanied with Gerismond, and his brother Rosader early in the morning: where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena, and the rest of the country swaines. Gerismond very highly commending the fortunate choice of Saladine, in that hee had chosen a shepheardesse, whose vertues appeared in her outward beautie, being no lesse faire than seeming modest. Ganimede coming in, & seeing her father, began to blush. Nature working affects by her secret effects, scarce could shee abstaine from teares to see her father in so low fortunes, hee that was wont to sit in his royall palace, attended on by twelue noble Peeres, now to bee content with a simple cottage, & a troope of reueling woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall, made Ganimede full of sorrowes: yet that she might triumph ouer fortune, with patience, and not any way dash that merry day with her dumps, she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth, and very reuerently welcomed the King, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence, as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his exquisite person, and excellent qualities.

As thus the King with the Forresters frolict it amongst the Shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire Bazar full of Sidas, and presented it to Gerismond, with such a Clownish salute, that hee

Euphues golden Legacie.

he began to smile, and tooke it of the old Shepheard very kindly, drinkeing to Aliena and the rest of her fayre maides, among whom Phoebe was the formost. Aliena pledged the King, and dranke to Rosader: so the carowse went round from him to Phoebe, &c. As they were thus drinkeing, and ready to goe to Church, came in Montanus, appparelled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his head wore a garland of willow, his bottle hangd by his side, whereon was painted despaire, and on his shephooke hung two Sonnets, as labels of his loues and fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of griefe, as his heart was of sorowes, shewing in his countenance the mappe of extremities. The Shephards seeing him, did him all the honor they could, as being the flower of all the Swaines in Arden: for a bonter boy was there not seen since the wanton wag of Troy, that kept Sheepe in Ida. Hee seeing the King, and getting it to be Gerismond, did him all the reuerence his Countrey curtesie could afford, inso much that the king wondring at his attire, demanded what hee was. Montanus ouer-hearing him, made this reply. I am, quoth he, Lones Swaine, as full of inward discontentments as I seeme fraught with outward follies. My eyes like Bees delight in sweet flowers, but sucking their fill on the faire of beauty, they cary home to the hieue of my hart, far more gall than hony, and for one drop of pure dew, a tun full of deadly Aconiton: I hunt with the flie to pursue the Eagle, that flying too nee the sun, I perith by the sun, my thoughts are aboue my reach, & my desires more than my fortunes, yet neither greater than my loue. But daring with Phaeton, I fall with Icarus, and seeking to passe the mean, I die for being so meane, my night sleeps are waking slumbers, as full of sorowes as they be from rest, and my daies labors are fruitles amors, staring at a star, & stumbling at a straw, leauing reason to follow after repentance: yet euery passion is a pleasure, though it pinch, because lone hides his wormeseed in figges, his poysons in sweet potions, and shadowes preiudice with the maske of pleasure. The wisest counsellors are my deepe discontentments, & I hate that which should salue my harme, like the patient, which stung with the Tarantula, loaths musicke, and yet is the disease incurable but by melody. Thus Sir, restlesse, I hold my selfe remedilesse, as louing without either rewarde or regard, & yet louing, because there is none woorthie to be loued, but the mistris of my thoughts. And that I am

Euphues golden Legacie.

as full of passions as I haue discouert in my plaints, if it you please, see my Sonnets, and by their censure of my sorrowes.

These words of Montanus, brought the king into a great wonder, amazed as much at his wit, as at his attire: insomuch that he tooke the papers off his hooke, and read them to this effect.

Montanus first Sonnet.

Alas how wander I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde access?
But where the melancholy fleeting floods,
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Disarmd of reason, spoyld of natures goods,
Without redresse to salve my heaviness,
I walke, whilest thought (too cruell to my harmes,
With endlesse griefe my heedlesse iudgement charmes)
My silent tongue assailed by secret teare,
My trayterous eyes imprisoned in their ioy,
My fatall peace deuoured in fained cheere,
My heart infort to harbour in annoy,
My reason robd of power by yeelding care,
My fond opinion slaue to euery toy.

Oh loue, the guide in my vncertaine way,

Woe to thy bowe, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

Et florida pinguet.

When the king had read this Sonnet, he highly commended the device of the Shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a shadow, and so couertly conceale that which bred his chiefest discontent: affirming that as the least shrubs haue their tops, the smallest haire their shadowes, so the meanest Swaines had their fancies, and in their kind were as chary of loue as a king. Whetted on with this device, he tooke the second and read it, the effects were these.

When the dogge,
Full of rage,
With his irefull eye,
Frownes amidst the skye:
The shepheard to assuage,
The furie of the heare,
Himselfe doth safely seate,

By a fount,
Full of faire,
Where a gentle breath,
Mounting from beneath,
Tempereth the aire,
There his flockes,
Drinke their fill.

And

Euphuus golden Legacie.

And with ease repose,
 Whilst sweet sleepe doth close
 Eyes from toyling ill,
 But I burne,
 Without rest,
 No defensiu power,
 Shields from Phebes lower:
 Sorrow is my best,
 Gentle loue
 Lowre no more.

If thou wilt inuade,
 In the secret shade,
 Labour not so sore,
 I my selfe,
 And my flocks,
 They their loue to please,
 I my selfe to ease,
 Both leaue the shady oakes,
 Content to burne in fire,
 Sith loue doth so desire.

Et florida pungunt.

Gerismond seeing the pithie veine of those Sonets, began to make further enquiry what he was: whereupon Rosader discoursed vnto him the loue of Montanus to Phoebe, his great loyaltie, and her great cruelty, and how in reuenge the Gods had made the curious Pimph amorous of young Ganimede. Upon this discourse the King was desirous to see Phoebe, who being brought before Gerismond by Rosader, shadowed the beauty of her face with such a vermillion teinture, that the kings eyes beganne to daze at the beauty of her excellence. After Gerismond had fed his lookes a while vpon her faire, hee questioned with her, why she rewarded Montanus loue with so little regard, seeing his secrets were many, and his passions extream. Phoebe to make reply to the Kings demand, answered thus: Loue (sir) is charitie in his law, and whatsoeuer he sets downe for iustise, bee it neuer so vniust, the sentence cannot be reuerst: womens fancies leud fauours not euer by desert, but as they are inforced by their desires: for fantasie is tied to the wings of fate, and what the starres decree, stands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wise, and womens eares are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly escaping the charmes of a pleasant tongue, as Vlissthe melode of the Syrens: Montanus is beautifull, and womens eyes are snared in the excellence of the objects, as desirous to feede their lookes with a faire face, as the bee to sucke the sweete flower. Montanus is wealthie, and an ounce of gine me, perswades a woman more then a pound of heare me.

Danie was won with a golden shouze. When shee could not be gotten with all the intreaties of Iupiter: I tell you sir, the string of a womans heart reacheth to the pulse of her hand, and let a man rub that with gold, and tis hard but she will proue his hearts gold.

Montanus

Euphues golden Legacie.

Montanus is young, a great clause in fancies court : Montanus is vertuous, the richest argument that loue yeelds, and yet knowing all these perfections, I praise them, and wonder at them, louing the qualities, but not affecting the person, because the destinies haue set downe a contrarie censure. Yet Venus, to adde reuenge, hath giuen me wine of the same grape, a sip of the same sauer, and firing mee with the like passion, hath cross me with as ill a penance: so I am in loue with a shephards swaine, as coy to me, as I am cruell to Montanus; as peremptorie in disuaine, as I was peruerse in desire, and that is, quoth she, Alienaes page, yong Ganimede,

Gerismond desirous to prosecute the end of these passions, called in Ganimede, who knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the chistall of his face with a ruby brightnes. The king noting well the phisnomie of Ganimede: beganne by his fauour, to call to minde the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demaunded of him, why he sighed so soze: Because Rosader, quoth he, the fauour of Ganimede puts me in mind of Rosalynd. At this word, Rosader sighed so depely, as though his heart would haue burst. And whats the matter quoth Gerismond, that you quite me with such a sigh? Pardon me sir (quoth Rosader) because I loue none but Rosalynd. And vpon condition quoth Gerismond that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make vp a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turned her head, and smiled vpon Ganimede and shee could scarce keepe countenance: yet shee salued all with secrecie, and Gerismond to driue away such dumps, questioned with Ganimede what the reason was hee regarded not Phebes loue, seeing shee was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede answered, if I should affect the faire Phebe, I should greatly iniure poore Montanus, to winne that from him in a moment, hee hath laboured for so many moneths. Yet haue I promised to the beautifull shephardesse, to wed my selfe neuer to woman except vnto her, but with his promise, that if I can with reason suppress Phebes loue towards me, shee shall like of none but Montanus. To that quoth Phebe, I stand, for my loue is so farre beyond reason, as it will admit no perswasive of reason: for insuite, quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure will I stand, quoth Phebe. And in your victorie quoth Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortune: for if Ganimede

Euphues golden Legacie.

goe a way with the conquest, Montanus is in conceit Ioues monarchie
if Phoebe win, they are in euer most miserable. We will see this
confronterlie quoth Gerisimond, and then we will to church therefore Ga-
nimed, let vs heare your argument. Say pardon my absence a while
quoth she, & you shall see one in store. In went Ganimede, & dress her
selfe in womans attyre, hauing on a gowne of Greene, with a kirtle of
rich sendall, so quaint, that she seemed Diane, triumphing in the
forest, vpon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gaue her such
a grace, that she looked like Flora pearlt in the pride of all her flow-
ers, thus attired came Rosalind in, and presented her selfe at her fa-
thers seate, with her eyes full of teares, as craving his blessing, & dis-
coursing vnto him all her fortunes, how she was banished by Toris-
mond, and how euer since she liued in that country disguised. Geris-
mond seeing his daughter, rose from his seate, and fell vpon her neck,
uttering the passions of his ioy in watery plaints, & when into such an
extasie of content that he could not utter one word. At this sight, if
Rosader was both amazed and ioyfull, I referre my selfe to the iudge-
ment of such as haue experience in loue, & seeing his Rosalind before
his face, whom so long and so deeply hee had affected. At last Geris-
mond recovered his sprites, and in most fatherly termes entertayned
his daughter Rosalind, after many questions demanding of her what
had past betwene her and Rosader. So much sir, quoth she, as there
wants nothing, but your grace to make vp the marriage. Why then
quoth Gerismond, Rosader take her, she is thine, and let this day so-
lemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptial. Rosader beyond measure
content, humbly thanked the king, and embraced his Rosal. who tur-
ning to Phoebe, demanded if she had shewed sufficient reason to sup-
presse the force of her loues. Yea quoth Phoebe, & so great a perswasive,
that if it please you madam and Aliena to giue vs leaue, Montanus
and I will make this day the third couple in marriage. She had no so-
oner spoke this word, but Montanus threw away his Garland of
Willow, his bottle, where was painted despayre, and cast his Son-
nets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolike as Paris when he hanse-
led his loue with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled,
and concluded, that Montanus and Phoebe should keepe their wedding
with the two brethren, Aliena seeing Saladin stand in a dumpe,
to wake him from his dreame, beganne thus: Why how now my
Saladin, all amozt, what man, melancholy at the day of marriage?
perchance

Euphues golden Legacie.

perchance thou art sorrowfull to think on thy brothers high fortunes: and thine own base desires, to chuse so meane a shepheardesse. There by thy thoughts man, this day thou shalt be married to the daughter of a King: for now Saladine I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortal enemy Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising up, took Alinda in his armes and said: Is this that faire Alinda, famous for so many vertues, that forsooke her fathers court, to live with thee exiled in the country? The same quoth Alinda. Then quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladine, iolly forrester, be forlike, for thy fortunes are great, and thy desires excellent, thou hast got a princeesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. She hath with her beauty won, quoth Saladine, an humble servant, and full of amiable fauour. While euery one was amazed at these comickall euents, Coridon came skipping in, and told them the priest was at church, and tarried their coming. Gerismond led them the way, and the rest followed, where to the admiration of the countrey swaines in Arden, their marriages were solemnely solemnized. As soone as the priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readines. Dinner was provided, the tables were layed, and the bride sat down by Gerismond: Rosader, Saladine, and Montanus that day were seruitors: homely chere they had, such as the countrey could afford, but to mend this fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourses of their loues and fortunes. About mid-dinner, to make them merry, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he sung with this pleasant song.

Coridons Song.

A blithe and bonny country lasse,

heigh ho, bonny lasse,

Sate sighing on the tender grasse,

And weeping said, will none come woo me.

A smicker boy a lither swayne,

heigh ho, a smicker swayne,

That in his loue was wanton faine,

with smiling lookes strait came vnto her.

When as the wanton wench espide,

heigh ho, when she espide:

Euphues golden Legacie.

The meanes to make her selfe a bride,
she simpered smooth like bonny bell,
The swaine that saw her squint-eide kind,
heigh ho squint-eide kinde,
His armes about her body twind,
and faire lasse, how faire ye ? well.

The countrey Kit said well, forsooth,
heigh ho, well forsooth,
But that I haue alonging tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me crie:

Alas said he what garres thy griete?
heigh ho, what garres thy griete?
A wound quoth she without reliefe,
I feare a maide that I shall die.

If that be all the shepheard said,
heigh ho, the shepheard said,
He make thee wiue it gentle maid,
and so recure thy maladic:

Hereon they kist with many an oath,
heigh ho, with many an oath,
And for god Pan did plight their troth;
And to the Church they hied them fast.

And God send euery pretty peate,
heigh ho, the pretty peate,
That feares to die of this conceite,
so kinde a friend to helpe at last.

Coridon hauing thus made them merry, as they were in the midst of their iolitie, word was brought to Saladine and Rosader, that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine was arrived, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond ouer hearing this newes, demaunded who it was, it is quoth Rosader, my middle brother, that liues a scholar in Paris, but what hath driuen him to seeke vs out, I know not. With that Saladine went and met his brother, whom hee welcomed with all curtesie: and Rosader gaue him no lesse friendly entertainment: brought he was by his two brothers into the parlor: where

Euphues golden Legacie.

they all sate at dinner. Fernandine as one that knew many manners, as he could points of sophistrie, and was as well brought up, as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond kneeling on his knee, did him what reverence belonged to his estate: and with that burst forth into these speeches. Although (mighty Prince) this day of my brothers marriage bee a day of mirth, yet time craueth another course, and therefore from dainty cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you the sonnes of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, leaue off your armour, and fall into armes, change your lones into lances, and now this day shew your selues valiant, as hitherto you haue beene passionate. For know Gerismond that hard by, at the edge of this Forrest, the twelue Peeres of France are vp in armes, to recouer the right: and Torismond troupt with a crew of desperate runnagates is ready to bid them battell. The armes are ready to toyne, therefore shew thy selfe in the field to encourage thy Subiects: and you Saladine and Rosader, mount you, and shew your selues as hardy souldiers, as you haue beene hearty louers, so shall you for the benefit of your Country, discouer the Idea of your fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, and proue children worthy of so honourable a parent.

At these newes, Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladine and Rosader betooke themselves to their weapons. Nay quoth Gerismond, goe with mee, I haue horse and armour for vs all, and then being well mounted, left vs shew that we carrie reuenge and honour at our fashions points. Thus they leaue the Brides full of sorrow, especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father, hee not returning a word because his haste was great, bled him home to his lodge, where he deliuered Saladine and Rosader horse and armour, and himselfe armed royally, led the way, not hauing ridden two leagues before they discovered, where in a valley both the battels were ioyned. Gerismond seeing the wing wherein the Peeres fought, thrust in there and cried, Saint Denis, laying such blade vpon his enemies, that he shewed how highly hee did estimate of a Crowne. When the Peeres perceiued that their lawfull King was there, they were more eager: and Saladine and Rosader so behaued themselves, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons, To be short, the Peeres were conquerours, Torismonds armie put to flight, and himselfe slaine in battell.

The

Euphues golden Legacie.

The Peeres then gathered themselves together, and saluted the King, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was receiued royally of all the citizens. As soon as all was quiet, and he had receiued againe the crowne, he sent for Alinda and Rosalind to the Court. Alinda being very passionate for the death of her Father: yet brooked it with the more patience, in that shee was contented with the welfare of her Saladine. Well, as soon as they were come to Paris, Genismond made a royall feast for all the Peeres and the Lords of his Land, which continued thirty dayes, in such time summoning a Parliament by the consent of the Nobles, he created Rosader Heire apparant to the kingdome, and restored Saladine to his fathers land, and gave him the Dukedome of Namures, hee made Feruandine principall Secretary to himselfe: and that fortune might every way seeme frolik, made Montanus Lord ouer all the Forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings guard, and Coridon Master of Alindaes flockes.

Here Gentlemen, may you see in Euphues golden Legacie, that such as neglect their Fathers precepts, incurre much preiudice, the diuision in nature, as it is a blemish in nature, so is a breach of good fortunes, that vertue is not measured by birth, but by action, that younger brethren, though inferour in yeeres, yet may bee superiour in honours; that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amitie betwixt two brothers, more forcible than fortune. If you gather any fruit by this Legacie, speake well of Euphues for writing it, and for fetching it, If you grace me with that fauour, you encourage mee to bee the more forward: and as soon as I haue over-looke my labours, expect the Saylers Kalender.

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